



No. 324.—VOL. XXV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS MARION DOLBY, NOW APPEARING IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX,"

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

"THE GAY LORD QUEX," AT THE GLOBE.

He was called the *gay* Lord Quex because he had been a gay dog; however, at forty-eight he fell in love *pour le bon motif* with Miss Muriel Eden, who threatened to be quite a match for him. She accepted his offer, his title, wealth, and his bad reputation; but, despite her betrothal, carried on a violent flirtation with Captain Bastling, a handsome young fellow, and had clandestine meetings with him at the shop of her foster-sister, Sophie Fullgarney, the manicurist. Quex, of course, knew nothing about the secret meetings, though he noticed that the girl would hardly let him touch even her hand. Sophie was determined that the Quex marriage should fall through and that the girl should become Mrs. Bastling. She told ugly tales about Quex's past. Muriel considered herself interested only in his future, so Sophie determined to prove that his reformation was unreal. Her first attack consisted of an endeavour to induce Lord Quex to kiss her, but he told her to be satisfied with the kisses that Valma, the palmist, her *fiancé*, could give her. However, Sophie did not regard herself as beaten. Now there was a Duchess in the case, a beautiful, thirty-five-year-old, amorous, sentimental Duchess of Strood, who had once been on more than friendly terms with Quex. The Duchess recognised the fact that Quex must give her up, but insisted that there should be a formal leave-taking in her bedroom at night, and the man very weakly consented to this. Now Sophie, playing spy, overheard the assignation, so she took the place of the Duchess's maid for the night, and, up to a certain point, was gleeful, for Quex came to the room at midnight and spent a while with the Duchess. Even Muriel would hardly accept the statement that any circumstances could justify the presence of her *fiancé* at midnight with the Duchess in her bedroom, drinking champagne and discussing their past amour. Sophie stayed too long. Quex became suspicious; the Duchess opened the door suddenly, and the spy was revealed in night-gown and mandarin *peignoir*. The Duchess was in despair, for up till then she had kept her reputation, if not her virtue. However, a life of gallantry sharpens a man's wits. Quex sent the Duchess out of the room and then locked himself in with Sophie. He began by trying to bribe her to hold her tongue; she refused money, stating that her only object was to save her foster-sister from an abominable marriage. Then Quex said grimly that, if he lost Muriel, Sophie should lose her reputation, and the Duchess at least should be safe, for he would keep the girl with him till they were found in the morning by the servants. The thought of the loss of Valma overcame the girl for a while. She promised to be silent about the meeting, and even wrote a letter which, if published by Quex in revenge for any disclosure by her, would ruin her character. As soon as she had written it, she repented of what seemed treachery to Muriel, and rushed and rang the bell to alarm the house. Quex, startled by her generous devotion, gave her back her letter, and allowed her to escape. She thereupon promised to help him.

The end of the story was that Quex, aided by Sophie, beat the handsome young Captain, who was tricked by Sophie into kissing her, and causing Muriel to throw him over in favour of the loveless marriage with the elderly beau, with whom it may be assumed that she lived more or less unhappily ever after. Not only has Mr. Pinero written the new play at the Globe Theatre with great skill, but also, by setting two scenes in the shop of the manicurist and chiropodist, he has introduced a large quantity of curious, effective humour. You may fail to admire Muriel or fall in love with Quex, but Sophie, despite her vulgarity and her mendacity, is quite irresistible, and, in the hands of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, stands out as perhaps the most notable contribution to the playwrights' gallery of late years. It may be doubted whether Mr. Hare will suggest to all people *l'homme à bonnes fortunes* drawn by the author in the part of Lord Quex, but his acting is of very great skill. Miss Fortescue in the part of the sentimental Duchess acted in excellent style and with no little charm. Mr. Gilbert Hare played very cleverly and comically. Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis performed agreeably as the heroine, and there were quite a host of clever, pretty girls whom I cannot mention by name. The success of Mr. Pinero's brilliantly clever play seems assured, and everybody will be delighted that Mr. Hare should have a piece that seems likely to enjoy a long run.

"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS," AT THE CRITERION.

"Tears, active tears, I well know what they mean," was probably Mrs. Parbury's view of the famous line; and, to her, tears meant a great deal: they meant empire. A flood of tears shut off Parbury from his old bachelor friends, from his club, from his golf—indeed, from almost everything he wanted. Tears were sapping his manhood. You must, however, pay some price for empire, and the tears were slowly but surely drowning Parbury's love for his pretty little crocodile wife. Neither the man nor his wife paid much attention to Miss Woodward, the pretty secretary who helped him in his labour as a successful novelist; but Miss Woodward was all ears and eyes. The position of Parbury excited in the girl an intense feeling of pity, akin to love, but only to a kind of motherly love. One day this feeling caused the pretty secretary to kiss the photograph of her employer. Mrs. Parbury saw her give the kiss. This, of course, was not an occasion for tears, but for dry storms. Mrs. Parbury told the girl to pack up her boxes and go: she refused. So Mr. Parbury was called in. The secretary from modesty, the wife from jealousy, refused to tell him the cause of the quarrel, and, being asked to dismiss the girl merely because his wife ordered him to do so, Parbury sided with the secretary. "She goes, or I," said Mrs. Parbury confidently, and was staggered to find that she had to swallow her ultimatum or go.

Each believed that the other would give way, and both were firm, so Mrs. Parbury went to her father's house. What was the cause of the man's sudden firmness and revolt? In part, no doubt, the influence of his old "pal," Gunning, who had obtained a footing in the house.

Parbury, Gunning, and Miss Woodward were left in possession of the field, but the girl's position was untenable, the husband was unhappy, and Gunning, who had fallen in love with Miss Woodward, fancied that she had too warm a feeling for her employer, and was miserable. Moreover, Mrs. Parbury's father, a gay old widower, found the society of his daughter a great nuisance; and his daughter, after a sleepless night, was profoundly wretched, because her conscience began to prick her. What was the upshot? Just what you would expect. Gunning proposed to Miss Woodward, who liked but did not love him, and accepted marriage in preference to returning to her father's parsonage and the society of her twelve sisters. Parbury "had it out" with his wife, very mildly, but succeeded in convincing her—for a time—that the old life was intolerable and in inducing her to promise amendment, and pa-in-law was set free for his elderly philandering.

"The Tyranny of Tears" shows a great advance by Mr. Haddon Chambers as dramatist. It is really a comedy of character, and exhibits great skill in

character-drawing, as well as a pretty humour, though there is some undesirable obscurity in the character of Mrs. Parbury and also of Miss Woodward. Perhaps it is unfair to the author to say this, and the difficulty of understanding some aspects of them is due to the acting, though in many respects Miss Millett played admirably. Mr. Wyndham, as Parbury, delighted his admirers by a finely studied piece of work, and brilliant performances were given by Mr. Alfred Bishop and Mr. Fred Kerr.

E. F. S.

PLAYS IN PRINT.

The time has come when you need not stir from your fireside to see a play. Within the last few weeks Mr. Heinemann has issued two more of Hauptmann's plays, translated by Mary Morison, namely, "Lonely Lives" and "The Weavers." It is a pity that the dates of the original stage production are not given. The Macmillans are slowly completing their set of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays. The latest is "The Triumph of the Philistines." Mr. Leonard Smithers has issued "The Importance of Being Earnest"—only a thousand copies at 7s. 6d. each, beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press. One of the recent additions to Messrs. Dent's charming series is Thomas Kyd's play "The Spanish Tragedy." A new "chronicle play," by Professor Sir T. Grainger Stewart, called "The Good Regent," has been issued by the Blackwoods.



MR. C. HADDON CHAMBERS.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS GRETA WILLIAMS, THE SINGER WHO WAS SAVED FROM THE "STELLA."



Miss Williams behaved with great courage, remaining fourteen hours in an open boat, and keeping her comrades in good spirits by singing "O Rest in the Lord." She is a Londoner by birth, and is well known to concert enthusiasts as a contralto of promise. Before she took to singing she was a juvenile pianoforte "prodigy." At the Royal Academy of Music she was a pupil of Mr. Edwin Holland and Signor Randegger. At the Academy she took high honours, carrying off the Westmoreland Scholarship and the Rutson Memorial Prize, and likewise gaining at an unusually early and almost a "record" age the Certificate of Merit, which is the highest honour the Academy can confer upon a student. She is a certified teacher, and is now an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. This portrait of her is by Mr. H. Edmonds Hall, of Holland Park Avenue, W.

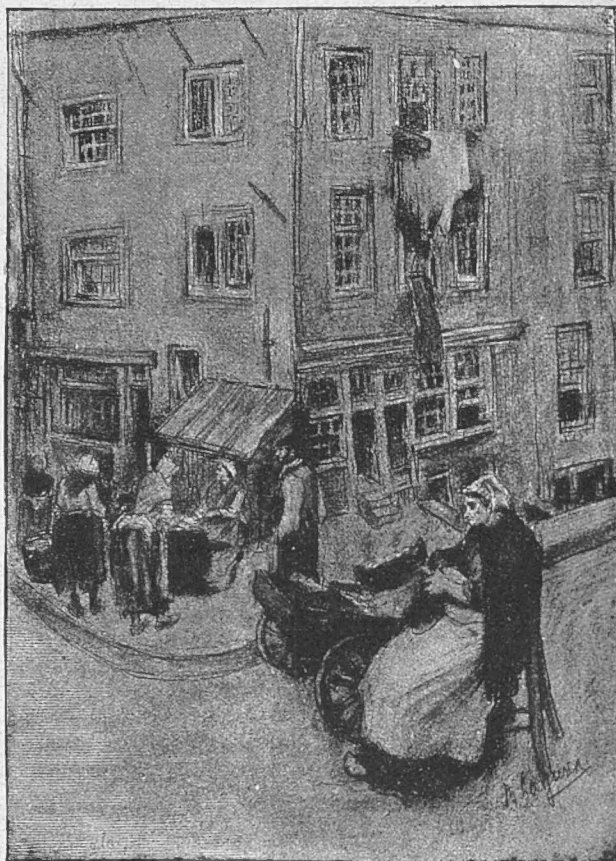
THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"HOLLAND AND THE HOLLANDERS."*

The small country that lies east of England, just a hundred miles across the sea from Essex or Suffolk shores to its line of low sand-hills between the outlets of the Scheldt, the Maas, and the Rhine, stretching thence north along the coast of a peninsula to the huge rampart dykes of the Helder, is worth a visit. But tourists who spend the time there wholly in three or four notable cities, The Hague and Amsterdam, perhaps omitting Leyden and Haarlem, which lie between, and Utrecht, which has no famous picture-gallery, but is a place of much historical interest, fail to get well acquainted with Holland or with the Dutch people. They see how a Dutch town is built, surrounded and intersected by canals or branches of a river, planted with long lines of trees, provided with a town-hall and several churches, usually of brick with carved stone facings; the more ancient and romantic Gothic edifices being few—in the seats of former Catholic bishoprics and in the "Sticht," or Diocese of Utrecht, in North Brabant, and other inland provinces. This country is far less rich than Belgium and Flanders are in architectural monuments of high artistic or antiquarian interest. The Dutch school of painters, indeed, is all that Holland can show of its own that claims great renown in the way of fine art. Elegance or grace of design and style is not a Dutch characteristic, and the mere *dilettante* taste, after looking at the notable collections at the Mauritshuis, the Rijksmuseum, and one or two others, with merited approval, can find little else for that sort of gratification.

Nor does the modern sentimental or æsthetic delight in rare, wild, and mighty aspects of natural scenery obtain anywhere in the Northern Netherlands that recompense for a very easy journey which one gets in many parts of England, Scotland, and Wales. The atmosphere and light are finer than ours, especially favourable to views of the sea; but Dutch coasts are mere rolling sand; there are no rocks or cliffs or wild forests or torrents or mountains in the whole country. Grand wide rivers, vast meadow plains, woods, groves, and plantations, gardens and parks in exquisite keeping, there certainly are. But in general it is rather as the

ancestors in great struggles for liberty, and in almost every department of intellectual and industrial activity, bind that nation and ours together with links of sympathy more intimate than we can own towards France, Germany, or Italy, though we owe much to early French or Norman civilisation. The very instructive as well as pleasant book



AN AMSTERDAM APPLE-WOMAN.—BY B. LEON DE LAGUNA.

From "Holland and the Hollanders."



A FISHER-CHILD OF SCHEVENINGEN.

From "Holland and the Hollanders."

home and field of labour of a most interesting nation, probably more closely akin and congenial to the English than any other in Europe, that Holland seems most attractive to us. Its social life, domestic habits and manners, political and religious views, past associations with our

on "Holland and the Hollanders," which Mr. David Meldrum has produced, evidently from a thorough personal knowledge of Dutch folk at home, and of all their ways, among those of various social ranks and classes, in town and country, and with the considerable provincial differences, is all the more welcome; for there is no lack of descriptive guide-books to the tourist's sights and shows at the chief cities. The author of this volume, although not refusing to indulge us with entertaining anecdotes of little, quaint oddities and peculiarities to be observed in Dutch, as in other foreign life, below the conventional standard of uniformity, seriously applies himself to examine and to explain the broad features of the condition of Holland—or rather, of the entire "Kingdom of the Netherlands" as it actually exists at the present time.

I have not met with any book in which such information is presented to English readers more accurately, or with greater judgment, care, and candour, in a fair and friendly spirit, but not running into sanguine enthusiasm. Without dwelling upon his clear description of the unique physical geography of Holland and Zealand, with their labyrinth of river outlets and sea inlets, so often delineated by other writers, it is enough to say that his chapter on "The Fight with the Waters" alone deserves an attentive reading, as a good account of the vast and costly work yearly performed by the Government, seconded by local authorities, to defend the land and its towns from inundation. The great draining operations which have been successfully executed at the Haarlem Lake, and in the Y district, and in the Beemster and Purmer levels, as well as the projected reclamation of a large part of the area of the Zuyder Zee, are sufficiently explained. Agriculture, pastoral and dairy business, fisheries, and trades, the government and laws, churches and schools, and everything of practical importance, find due place in this book.

It is needless to add that the virtues and accomplishments of the Dutch ladies, to which even I beg permission to testify, are not overlooked; they are, indeed, just as good and amiable as Englishwomen, and they are taught in their schools to speak English well and to read our English books, preferring them to French or German. The volume is furnished with over eighty plates of small drawings or sketches by Dutch artists, two of which are here reproduced—those of the dumpy daughter of a fisherman of Scheveningen and the woman selling apples at a street-corner in Amsterdam.

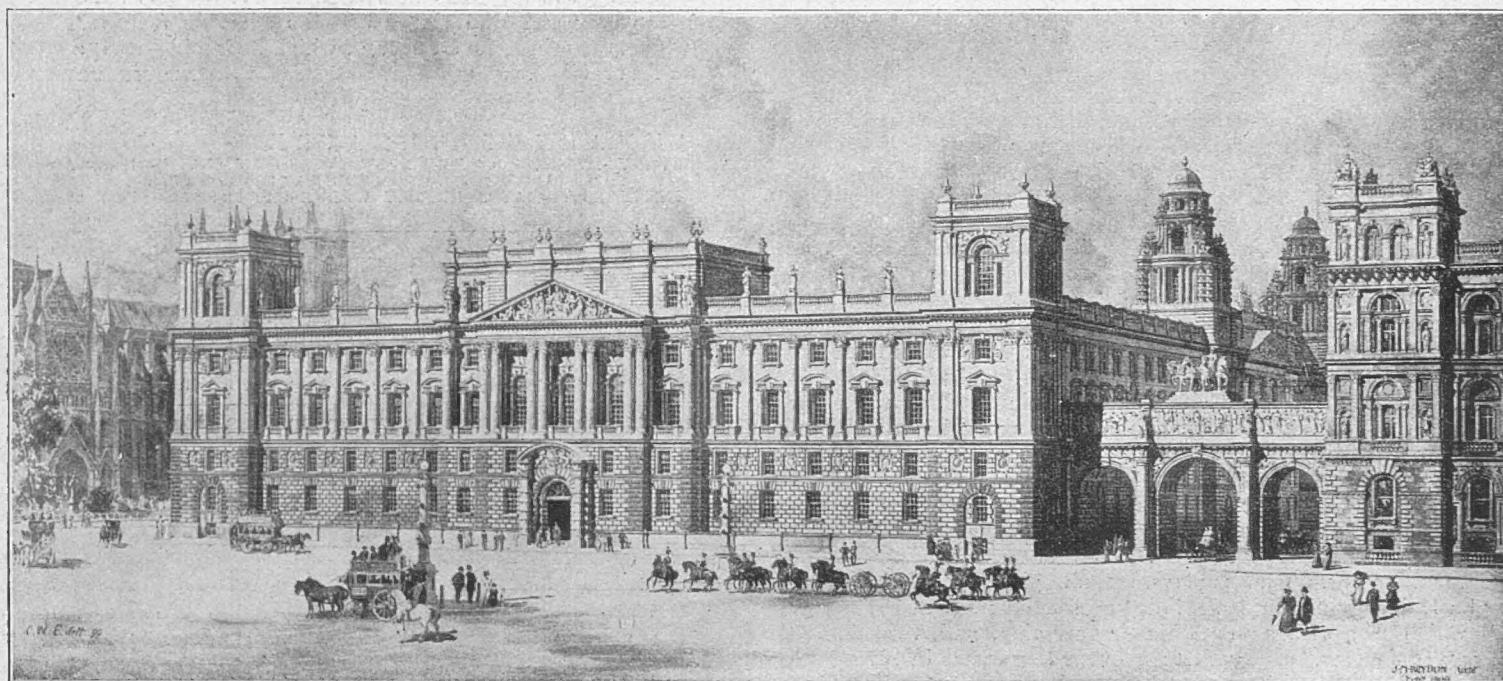
* "Holland and the Hollanders." By David S. Meldrum, author of "The Story of Margrédél." With Illustrations. London: W. Blackwood and Sons.

THE BEAUTIFYING OF LONDON.

From Photographs by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.



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THE AUTHOR OF "ROBESPIERRE."

Apart from the fact that the reappearance in public of Sir Henry Irving after his serious illness, and under the altered conditions of his management, is an event in the history of the English theatre, the production of "Robespierre" on Saturday is of exceptional interest. For it gives us the work of the master-mind of our stage in conjunction with that of the leading dramatist of France. Actor and author alike possess a genius for the technique and effect of the stage, so that, in this particular at least, "Robespierre" must be perfect. M. Sardou owes much of his success to individual interpreters, but if he had not, in addition to rare fecundity and tremendous perseverance, had the innate ability of the dramatist, he would not have risen to the pinnacle of fame which he has so long enjoyed, not only in his own land, but throughout England and America, and even in far-off Australia, where his name and many of his plays are very well-known. He is as precise in his work as he is prolific, a lover of detail, and inflexible in his purpose. I have never heard that M. Sardou claimed a place in literature for his plays, but as a constructor of stage-pieces—which, I take it, is the main business of the dramatist—he is absolutely without a rival, while his dialogue is always concise and conceived with a view to indicating the character of the play or the person. He never writes to show off his own power of language or thought, and, while he thus helps forward the story, he is oftentimes excessively brilliant. He is nearing seventy years of age, he is rich and honoured, and is still a hard worker. But, like so many others who have risen to repute and fortune, his early career had many vicissitudes.

Victorien Sardou was born in Paris on Sept. 7, 1831. His father was a professor of chemistry and author of various text-books. He abandoned medicine for historical study, and, in order to eke out a precarious existence, he gave lessons in history, philosophy, and mathematics, writing also in various small journals. At the same time, he tried his hand at the theatre, and had the bitter experience of seeing his first play, "La Taverne des Étudiants," a three-act comedy in verse, produced at the Odéon on April 1, 1854, hissed off the stage. In the ten years between 1850 and 1860 he suffered much privation; but his marriage, in 1858, with Mdlle de Brécourt was the means of giving him his first success. The lady was an intimate friend of the celebrated actress Déjazet, and, in conjunction with another author, he wrote for her "Les Premières Armes de Figaro," which, brought out at the end of 1859, was a great "hit." It was rapidly followed by others—"M. Garat," his first study of the Revolutionary period; "Les Gens Nerveux," again in collaboration, in 1859; "Les Près-Saint Gervais," in 1862. The latter play, like the "Premières Armes" and "M. Garat," was written for Déjazet. In 1861 came the finest play of his early period, "Les Pattes de Mouche," which was instantly adapted under the title by which it is well known to the English stage—namely, "A Scrap of Paper." In the same year came another brilliant play, "Nos Intimes," of which there are two well-known English versions, "Friends or Foes" and "Peril." "La Papillonne," produced at the Théâtre Français in 1862, on the other hand, was not well received. Nothing daunted, however, he brought out play after play for the next eight years. Not to mention some half-dozen others written between 1862 and 1865, he produced "La Famille Benoiton" in the latter year, "Nos Bons Villageois" and "La Maison Neuve" in 1866, "Seraphine" in 1868, and "Patric," a magnificent drama, at the Porte-St.-Martin in 1869. M. Sardou's success immediately after the war was scant. Various plays, including his powerful historical drama, "La Haine," acted in 1874, failed completely; but in 1877 came "Dora," which met with an enthusiastic reception, and, turned into English as "Diplomacy," made a fortune for the Bancrofts. In 1878 "Les Bourgeois de Pont d'Arcy," a comedy satirising the petty politics of country life, found little favour, and failure awaited "Daniel Roehat," which, acted at the Théâtre Français in 1880, professed to defend religion against science. From this serious work M. Sardou promptly turned to the outrageous Palais-Royal farce, "Divorçons."

M. Sardou's name, already familiar to the playgoers of the world, was destined to become still more celebrated through the series of plays which brought into their prominent characters the aid of special acting. "Odette," presented in 1881, at the Vaudeville, with Blanche Pierson in the title-rôle, was a protest against the condition of the law of divorce in France, of which an outraged husband could not then avail himself. It was adapted to the English stage by Mr. Clement Scott, who, however, remained anonymous, and produced at the Haymarket on April 25, 1882, with the Polish actress, Helena Modjeska, in the chief part. In November of the latter year, "Fédora," which M. Sardou had written for Sarah Bernhardt, was acted, the English version being presented at the Haymarket on May 5 following, with Mrs. Bernard Beere in the title-rôle. In December 1884 came another Bernhardt play, "Theodora," and, in November 1887, yet another play in which Sarah is superb, "La Tosca." M. Sardou's Revolutionary play, "Thermidor," was represented at the Théâtre Français on Jan. 24, 1891, a sensation still vividly remembered in the theatrical world of Paris. The play was the object of tremendous political manifestations, and, at the third representation, its further performance was forbidden. The piece, prohibited in France, was played at Brussels, but without success. M. Sardou again turned from the serious drama to comedy, and Réjane on the French, Ellen Terry on the English, and Miss Katharine Kidder on the American stage have made that clever work, "Madame Sans-Gêne," familiar to the playgoer of to-day. M. Sardou was elected to the Académie Française on June 7, 1877, his reception taking place on May 23, 1878. Apart from his plays,

he has published a novel, "La Perle Noire" (in 1862), his Academy reception speech, and many short literary essays as prefaces to various publications.

It will thus be seen that M. Sardou is a prolific writer indeed, and it speaks well for his intellectual activity and resource that, at his age, he could undertake to write a play for Sir Henry Irving, and with such a figure as Robespierre as the pivot. Be it remembered, moreover, that he has never seen Sir Henry on the stage, and that, as he does not speak English, he can only judge of the actor's special gifts in a general way, chiefly from verbal description and portraits. Such a feat, to a man like Sardou, becomes a labour of love. He is, as we know, especially interested in the Revolutionary period of French history, and he has had free scope for his fancy in the peculiar circumstances of the present production. A clever American critic, who, I fear, was slightly prejudiced—many years ago, M. Sardou wrote a play in which some Americans came in for his satire—likened the dramatist to "a conjurer, a clown, and a barometer." But there are tricks in all trades, and, as M. Jules Claretie has so well said, M. Sardou possesses "better than anyone the *fingering* of the playwright" (*la doigté du dramaturge*). If he lacks heart and sincerity, he is so supremely clever that the spectator is dazzled for the time being. He is the legitimate successor in his special art of Eugène Scribe, a master of stage-construction, and, in my opinion, he has improved upon his predecessor. Scribe's best plays, "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and the "Bataille de Dames," are well known to our stage. But it is notable that Scribe had a collaborator, Legouvé, whereas Sardou, in all his chief pieces, has worked alone, winning his success entirely by his own efforts. He sees a drama in everything. "The gambler," he said in his reception speech at the Académie, "is not more haunted by dreams of play, nor the miser by visions of lucre, than the dramatic author by the constant slavery of his one idea. All things are connected with it, and bring him back to it. He sees nothing, hears nothing, which does not drape itself at once in theatric attire. The landscape he admires—what a pretty scene! The charming conversations he listens to—what good dialogue! The delicious young girl who passes by—the adorable *ingénue*! And the misfortune, the crime, the disaster, of which he is told—what a situation! what a drama!"

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The death of Mr. Tom Ellis, the chief Liberal Whip, at the early age of forty, cast a shadow on the Easter holidays of members of all parties. His was a bright, eager temperament, unspoiled by the intrigues and self-seekings of the Lobby. It was, of course, in the Lobby and in the Whips' room, and not in the House itself, that his operations were chiefly conducted. Mr. Ellis was a good debater, but his function was to

in by a comparatively small opening. Slains Castle, the residence of the Earl of Erroll, stands within sight of the golf-course, on the edge of a cliff. "My next neighbours on this side are the Danes," said the late Earl to a visitor as he looked out of the Castle across the sea. The Castle, however, is no longer the only prominent landmark. A great hotel has been erected by the railway company for the accommodation of golfers and other visitors. Persons unacquainted with the enterprise of Aberdonians have been surprised to find in so remote a place as Cruden Bay a palatial hotel which would do credit to Brighton. It is lit by electricity, and there is an electric tramway between it and the railway-station, so that passengers may be spared a seven or eight minutes' walk. As great expense has been incurred in the effort to attract Southerners to this bracing and quiet region, the enterprise will be watched with a good deal of interest.

Rain, rain, rain; but holiday-makers had a piping time, and those who went to the races at Kempton and Alexandra Park were very lucky. My pictures of these courses speak for themselves.

The new intellectual fad in Paris is the study of Pagan cults. All through Lent there has been a rush not to Christian Mass, but to exotic ceremonies, and the lecture bureau of the Bodinière has had all it could do to satisfy this kind of curiosity. There have been reproductions of Buddhist ceremonies, reconstitutions of Parsee rites, resuscitations of Egyptian sacraments. The lectures on esoteric mysteries have been crowded, and the tea-room gossip is all of Lao-tseu and of To-ti-Kong. The Mass to Isis last week, conducted by the Grand Priest Rhamses and the Grand Priestess Anari, drew such flocks of people that it had to be repeated next day. Is it a passing fashion, due to the activity of the Quinet Museum, or is the world drifting towards another Pagan revival? There are some signs that the movement is serious.

Probably no one that frequents the Longchamps Racecourse knows the meaning of the old ruin there, or that Longchamps was for centuries to Parisians a place of pious yearly pilgrimage. None but the jog-trotters go to Lourdes any more. On the other hand, the pilgrimage to the Pagan ruins at Orange grows more and more popular every year.

The fêtes at Orange this year will be very brilliant. The first night will be given to Sarah Bernhardt. The great tragédienne is in ecstasies at the thought of acting in the midst of these relics of the Roman world. She will play Phèdre. On the second night, the Grand Opéra will give a prologue mingled with Greek dances, called "The Soul of Antiquity," and the Odéon will follow with "Athalie" and the Colonne choirs. The French Government has the fêtes in charge, and the President of the Republic has promised to be there. The date is fixed provisionally for Aug. 5. It is movable; it depends upon the weather and the moon.



THE PADDOCK AT KEMPTON PARK.

Photo by Rouch, Strand.

manage men and not to speak. With his appointment the old order of things received a severe blow. The Whip was formerly chosen from the class of men which is influential in clubs and drawing-rooms, and knows all the ambitions and weaknesses of Society. Whigs were shocked when the office was given to the son of a Welsh tenant-farmer. The appointment was, however, a sign of the times. It could not truthfully be said that Mr. Ellis's lack of what is called social standing did not interfere somewhat with his success, but he had qualities of his own for the post. These were not the qualities of Lord Tweedmouth, who proved one of the strongest Whips of modern times. Lord Tweedmouth ruled the Party with a rod of iron. Mr. Ellis, with a natural instinct for politics, and with a genuine sympathy with those who hungered after reform, did all that any man could do to rally the various sections of the Party by sweet reasonableness and persuasion. He was accustomed to take a member by the arm, and listen to his complaints or his demands with a sympathetic ear. If the secrets of the Whips' rooms could be disclosed, those who put their faith in politicians would receive a severe shock. Knowledge of such secrets gives to certain managers of patronage a superior, scornful air. Mr. Tom Ellis, however, was always perfectly unaffected and unassuming. What he lacked in birth he made up for in brains. None of the Whips on the other side had his ability. The two tellers are of a commonplace type; they know everybody in Society, and sincerely believe that the highest duty of a member is to hold his tongue and accept his opinions from the Government. Lord Stanley, one of the juniors, is the best of the Ministerial Whips. He takes immense interest in the Parliamentary game, if not in pure politics, and shows wonderful skill in managing men. In their Lobby life, the Government Whips will miss their chief rival, who was so courteous and straightforward.

Golfers who went north at Easter to try the new course which has been laid out by the Great North of Scotland Railway Company at Cruden Bay, thirty miles north of Aberdeen, tell me that it is remarkably fine. The course extends considerably over three miles, the longest hole being 501 yards. There could not be better turf, and the usual hazards of seaside links are plentiful enough. The coast scenery of the district is exceptionally romantic, including the famous "Bullers of Buchan." There is a narrow path around one of these roofless caverns, to walk along which is a feat for the light-headed. It is walled in by high, perpendicular rocks, the sea dashing



ALEXANDRA PARK RACECOURSE.

Photo by Rouch, Strand.

The links with Nelson's final victory are fast disappearing. There has just passed away the last surviving daughter of the late General Sir Samuel Ellis, a Marine officer who won distinction in the early years of the century. Before the action in Trafalgar Bay commenced, it was his duty to communicate Nelson's famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty." This officer came of a fighting family. His father, Captain John Ellis, R.N., commanded a company of the Naval Brigade at the capture of Quebec in 1759, when General Wolfe was killed. His three brothers all entered the Navy. One served in the *Victory* under Jervis in the battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1779, and took part under Nelson in the bombardment of Cadiz. When General Sir Samuel Ellis retired, he left in the Queen's service four sons. Colonel Arthur Ellis, of the Royal Marines, served in the Crimea, and Colonel Alfred Burdon Ellis served in the Ashanti War of 1873-4, and commanded the Sofa Expedition in West Africa when the French and English came into collision. The other two brothers won less distinction, one belonging to the Royal Marines and the other to the Royal Navy. This does not exhaust the list of Service relatives whom the late Miss Ellis could claim. Two grand-uncles served their country, one in the Navy and the other in the Royal Marines; the latter died fighting at Bunker's Hill. This family record must surely be unique.

Nelson's monument at Portsmouth, which the naval officers of the port erected soon after the Battle of Trafalgar, is falling into a sad condition of decay, and there are no funds for its repair. The Trinity Brethren were willing to father the column, but the Treasury objected that it was not their business. A few months ago the Navy League decided that they would rescue the monument, and forthwith set to work. An elaborate scaffolding was erected at a cost of £200, and there matters remained for a time; but now the scaffolding has been taken down. The explanation is that the consent of the Lord of the Manor, who owns

the fee-simple of the site of the monument, was not first obtained, so the praiseworthy efforts of the League to save the column have come to naught. It is not, apparently, the intention of the Lord of the Manor to do the work that is so urgently necessary, so the monument will go on decaying.

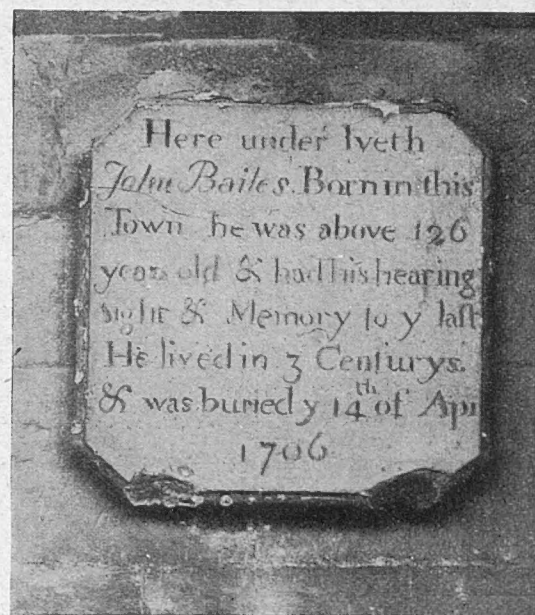
John Hamilton Dalrymple, tenth Earl of Stair, entered his eighty-first year on April 1. Notwithstanding his fourscore years, his lordship is capable of fulfilling the duties of several offices, and still holds the Chancellorship of Glasgow University. Lord Stair represented Wigtownshire, of which he has been Lord-Lieutenant since 1851, in the House of Commons for fifteen years—1841 till 1856—and he succeeded his father thirty-five

years ago. The tenants on his lordship's Wigtownshire and Ayrshire estates, taking occasion of his eightieth birthday, have entertained the Earl to a banquet at Stranraer, which is situated some three miles from Lochinch, Castle Kennedy, and in presenting Lord Stair with an illuminated address in a silver casket, the tenant of Inch Parks, who acted as spokesman, remarked that their landlord had long since solved the problem of old-age pensions, for when Lord Stair found any of his work-people unfit, from old age or illness, for their duties, they were either given a free house to live in, or in some other way the comfort of their declining years was secured. Lord Stair, in a characteristically homely and breezy speech, in reply, said that during his long life he never had a serious illness, and that for the past sixty years he had lived more or less among them in the country; he was always sorry to leave it, and very glad to come back, as it was a veritable Land of Goshen.

The Queen has been anew exhibiting her interest in her "Stewart ancestors," a work of renovation having been carried out by royal command in a portion of the Chapel Royal at Holyrood Palace. Upon the entrance to the vault containing the remains of some of the Scottish Kings a door of light oak has been placed, bearing a brass plate and an inscription to the effect that "This vault of the Scottish Kings contains the remains of David II., of James II. and his Queen, Mary of Gueldres; of Arthur, third son of James IV.; of James V., his Queen, Magdalen, and second son Arthur, Duke of Albany; and of Henry, Lord Darnley, consort of Mary Queen of Scots." In this connection it should not be forgotten that in the Royal Chapel of the Savoy there is a painted glass window with the following inscription underneath—

In memory of Archibald Cameron, who was attainted after the Battle of Culloden, but, returning to Scotland in 1753, was apprehended and executed; he was buried beneath the altar of this chapel. This window is inserted by her Majesty's permission in place of a sculptured tablet, which was erected by his grandson, Charles Hay Cameron, in 1846, and consumed by the fire which partially destroyed the chapel in 1864.

Antiquarians in Northampton will not forget next Friday, for it marks the hundred and ninety-third anniversary of the death of a latter-day Methuselah, who lies buried in the porch of All Saints' Church there.



TO A MAN WHO LIVED IN THREE CENTURIES.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

age of *its* John Bailes to about a hundred and fourteen; there is no proof that the Bailes of the register was the Bailes of the tablet. The latter had a daughter who claimed two years more than a century for her span of life, and that achievement counts certainly in her father's favour. Leaving him, then, in undisputed possession of his hundred and thirty years, John Bailes began life under Queen Elizabeth and finished it under Queen Anne, thus seeing out all these rulers: James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., and William and Mary!

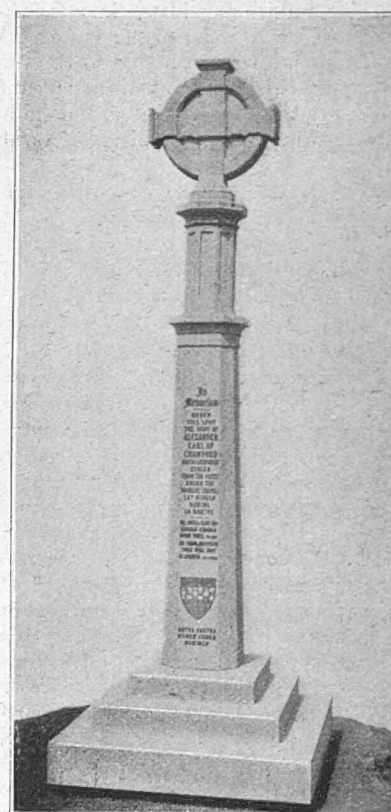
The western vault in the new United States Mint, now being constructed in Philadelphia, will, it is said, constitute the largest strong-box in the world. Its various dimensions are upwards of ninety-eight, fifty-two, and ten feet, and the several compartments into which it is divided will have a total holding capacity of a hundred-and-twelve million dollars. To silver dollars, it may be noted, this western vault will be devoted entirely; the other two, east and north, being designed to contain silver bullion and gold coins respectively. I think that the "silver dollar collection" would meet my requirements admirably, but the complicated arrangements for opening the massive door would be too much for me.

I note that the chapel at Dunecht House, Aberdeenshire, is to be paved by the new proprietor of the estate, Mr. A. C. Pirie. This reminds one of the "Dunecht Mystery," which caused no little sensation some fourteen years ago. It was then discovered that the body of the Earl of Crawford, who had been owner of Dunecht, had been stolen from the family vault under the chapel referred to, and it baffled all the efforts of professional policemen, amateur detectives, clairvoyants, and man-hunting bloodhounds to discover what had become of the corpse. The clue was ultimately furnished by means of an anonymous letter, and, to mark the place in the woods round the mansion where the searchers found the body, there was erected a memorial cross, fourteen feet high, of red granite. On this cross is the following inscription—

In Memoriam.—Under this spot the body of Alexander, Earl of Crawford, sacrilegiously stolen from the vault under the Dunecht Chapel, lay hidden during 14 months. "He shall give His angels charge over thee," Ps. xci. "He that keepeth thee shall not slumber," Ps. xxi.—Astra castra, numen lumen munimen.



THE EARL OF STAIR IS EIGHTY.



IN MEMORY OF THE EARL OF CRAWFORD, WHOSE BODY WAS STOLEN.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

The Spaniards have invented a new name for America, and they now head paragraphs in their newspapers "Yanquilandia." We are very deep in their black books at present, and I think they bear us, and Lord Salisbury in particular, a deadlier grudge for alluding to them as a "decaying nation" than they do even to the Yankees for beating them. It will be many a long day before they forgive us, and at present they refuse to believe anyone in England has any sympathy with them, and denounce it all as hypocrisy. One Barcelona paper is particularly bitter. "We have read in some English papers lately," it says, "that England all along has cherished friendly feelings towards Spain. We ask how she has shown the friendly feelings! This is adding insult to injury; we want no fair speeches from England. If Germany, France, and Russia join in an alliance against her, Spain, broken down as she is, will crave to be allowed to aim a blow at her enemy." This is rather strong, but Spain certainly has had some provocation during the last few months; and, then, Gibraltar is always there, a continual thorn in her side, which just now rankles more than usual. Nor is Mr. Chamberlain a favourite. All through the Carnival at Barcelona one constantly encountered masks reproducing his familiar features, with an immense eyeglass and a cruel exaggeration of his characteristic nose.

The marriage of Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson, the well-known author, to Mr. Harrod has naturally excited a very great amount of interest. Miss Forbes-Robertson is, it need scarcely be mentioned, the sister of the famous actor. Indeed, the artistic instincts of her family are remarkable, for, in addition to her three actor brothers (Johnston, Norman, and Ian), she has a brother who is a violinist, and a sister who is a miniature-artist, while another sister (who is married) has helped Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson to dress some of his plays, I believe. Miss Forbes-Robertson herself is a writer of very considerable reputation. Many of her short stories have been excellent, and her long



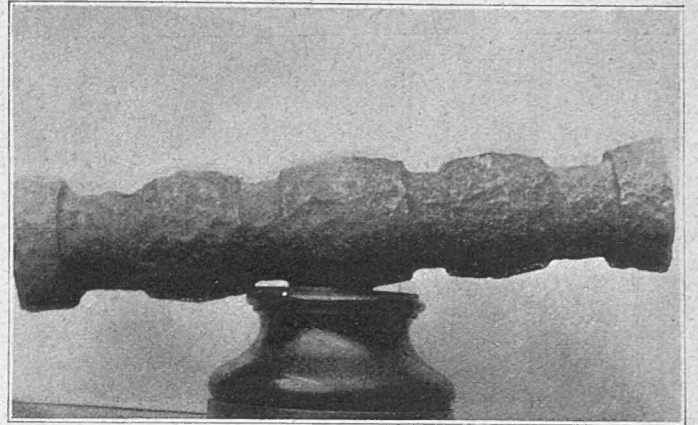
MISS FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON BECAME MRS. HARROD ON MONDAY.
From Photographs by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

novel, "The Potentate," was really a book of singular power, and, in fact, was deserving of success equal to that which was produced by Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," a book on similar lines. The wedding took place on Monday last at the Brompton Oratory, Cardinal Vaughan officiating. The invited guests included Mr. George Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Bret Harte, Lord Acton, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. Craigie, "Anthony Hope," Mr. Thomas Hardy, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Mr. Pinero, Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree. I join with a very large number of friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Harrod every happiness in their new life.

Colonel Artamopoff, who has been the Czar's Plenipotentiary representative at the Court of the Negus for the last twelve months, has returned to St. Petersburg to report to the Czar upon the fruits of his special Embassy. Reports upon the situation at Adis Abbaba will not provide the Czar with very pleasant reading, since the political, religious, and geographical military missions of Russia in Abyssinia have hitherto been unsuccessful in subjecting the Emperor Menelik to Russian influence. The Abyssinian monarch has been lately swayed by the influence of the French and British Political Residents, but the issue of certain events upon the borders of his kingdom have caused him to become amenable to the wishes of Lieutenant Harrington, and have prompted him to court the favour and advice of the British Lion. Menelik has not quite recovered from the impressive effects of the phonographic audience of the Queen which he received. By the time that he has recovered, doubtless another royal greeting will be turned on. In the interval, however, the Negus has sent presents and an autograph letter to the Czar.

M. J. J. Jusserand, the French Ambassador in Copenhagen, has lately been sojourning in St. Petersburg, and has had the honour of an audience with the Czar and Czarina. M. Jusserand, who is well known in diplomatic as well as in literary circles in London, has completed his new book on Shakspeare in France.

The piece of ordnance shown in the illustration was found in the River Thames, near Twickenham, and is twenty-eight inches in length and four and a-half inches in diameter. These cannon were made of bars of iron, strengthened with hoops of the same metal welded together.



THIS CANNON, WHICH IS 400 YEARS OLD, WAS FOUND IN THE THAMES, NEAR TWICKENHAM.

They were without trunnions, and were mounted on rude blocks of wood, or sorts of sockets, *affûts fixés*, till the year 1492, when they were placed on movable carriages that enabled the shot to be directed on any side. Stone and iron balls were discharged from these guns. Fosbroke says:

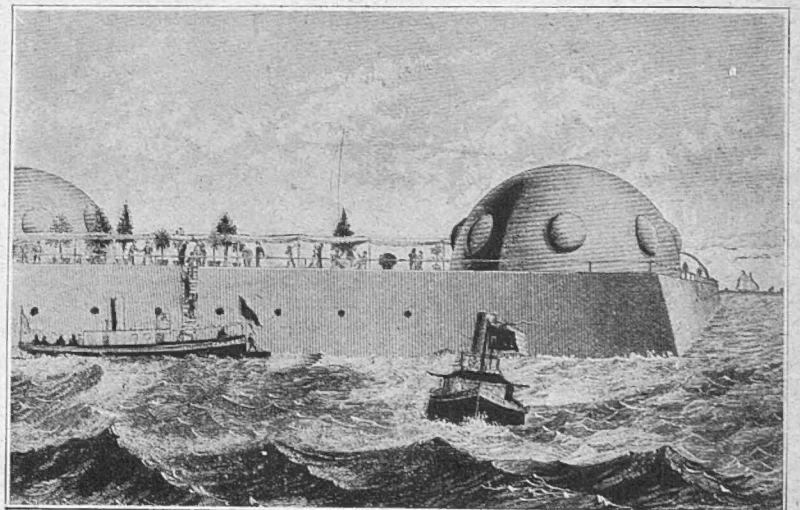
"The piece is placed in a kind of trough or bed of wood, which is continued to the earth, not unlike a modern Horse Artillery trail. The whole rests on a pintle, or movable pivot, fixed in a strong upright, erected on a square timber frame." This apparatus is sufficiently distinct to prove that the powder used for such artillery must have been very feeble.

A correspondent writes—

People who contend that newspapers are invariably inaccurate must have been delighted with the shoal of erroneous accounts of the great Bank fraud of 1872 which the reported death of Austin Bidwell in America has let loose upon us. I was a witness in the trial, and had a complete knowledge of the details of the fraud, its phases, and its failure, and such "hashes" of the affair as I have seen would make the fortune of a cook-shop, so mixed and varied are the ingredients—wrong names, wrong dates, wrong amounts, wrong men evading the police in Glasgow or the Havana! The only account I saw which—save for certain palpable printer's errors—was substantially correct was that which appeared in the *People*.

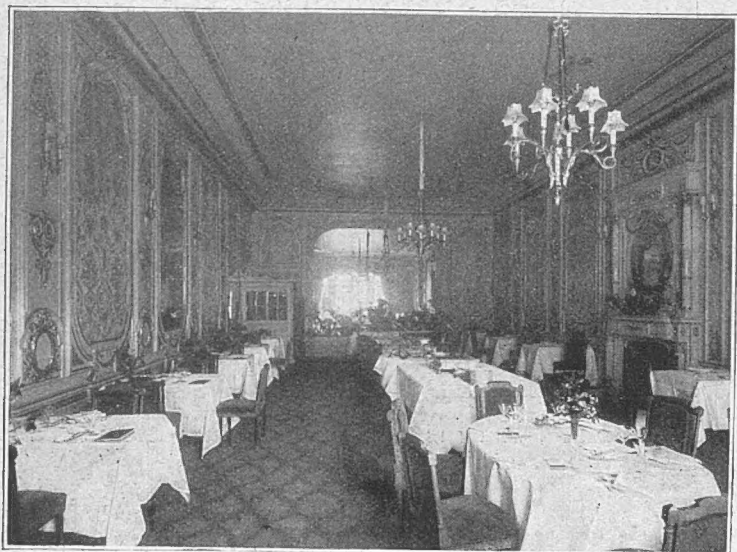
My congratulations to Mr. W. T. Madge.

The Czar's Rescript was anticipated twenty years ago in a curious way by a Scot living in St. Louis, Dr. J. H. McLean, who believed that peace could be secured by the creation of impregnable forts. Dr. McLean, who was born seventy years ago, varied the art of physic by inventions for fighting. He devised divers pistols, rifles, cannons, battery-guns capable of firing from six hundred up to two thousand shots a minute, and sweeping an area of six miles. His *chef d'œuvre*, however, was his proposal for floating forts. Each fort (which was made of iron backed by granite beneath the water-line) was to be 300 feet square, and equipped with turrets. In the piping times of peace the fortress was to be a floating garden, where the gunners could make love among roses. But at the moment of danger the fort was so perforated that it could bob serenely down below. The doctor, who made a fortune out of his inventions, felt sure that his fortress would be so impregnable that it would not be worth attacking. And so war would cease.



AN IMPREGNABLE CITY—NOT MAX PEMBERTON'S, BUT DR. J. H. MCLEAN'S.

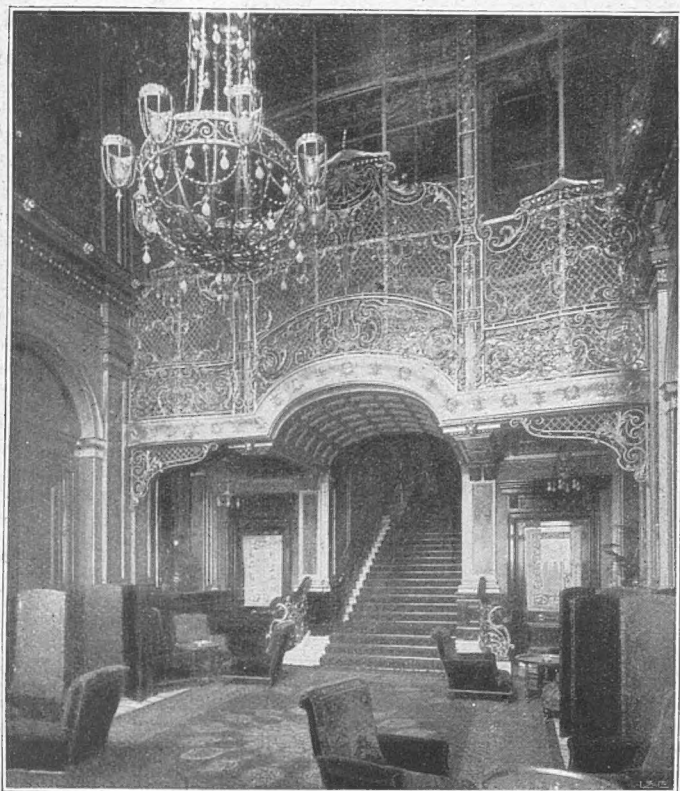
The Criterion means not to fall behind in the great race of restaurateurs, which was never more spirited in London than it is at the present moment. The "Cri" has been in the hands of reconstructionists and redecorators for the past nine months, and on Thursday I had an opportunity of seeing the alterations. They will put the famous



WEST ROOM OF THE CRITERION, IN LOUIS XVI. STYLE.

Photo by Bedford Lemere and Co., Strand.

restaurant in the very front rank. The first alteration noticed by the visitor who enters from Piccadilly Circus is a Minstrels' Gallery, a handsome structure of gilt, hammered iron, extending right across the main vestibule, which, by the way, has been enlarged and made into a comfortable lounge, where afternoon-tea and other light refreshments are served. By an ingenious arrangement, the music of the Magyar Honved Band, which plays throughout luncheon, dinner, and supper, can be heard in all the rooms on the ground and first floors, even in the distant American Bar, and, of course, in the Grand Hall above. The East Room has practically been made a new place altogether. The windows have been lowered to the level of the floor, and balconies have been added, so that a capital picture of the perpetual panorama of Piccadilly Circus can always be seen. The new decoration belongs to the period of Louis XV., the walls being panelled with rich silk of a special design, alternating with mirrors. The West Room, on the same floor, has been extended,



VIEW OF THE VESTIBULE OF THE CRITERION, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL MINSTRELS' GALLERY.

Photo by Bedford Lemere and Co., Strand.

and also remodelled, the new decorations being in style of Louis XVI. The Buffet has also been considerably enlarged, and, hereafter, the walls and ceiling will be lined with choice marbles and mosaics. The architect under whose direction the alterations have been effected is Mr. Frank T. Verity.

"J. T. N.," in the article accompanying the beautiful photographs in last week's *Sketch*, falls into some errors concerning the cuckoo. It is hardly correct to say that "April 17 is the usual date" of his appearance; the cuckoo has been known to arrive on April 6, but the average date is considered to be the 23rd. The cuckoo always selects a smaller bird than herself as foster-parent. I have before me a list of seventy-five birds in whose nests the cuckoo's egg has been found; the missel and song thrushes and blackbird are the largest of these, and each is smaller than the cuckoo; generally, the foster-parent is "much smaller," as "J. T. N." says. It is a well-established fact that the cuckoo lays her egg on the ground and places it in the nest with her bill, when she cannot deposit it naturally *in situ*. Howard Saunders puts the number of eggs laid by one cuckoo in a season at from five to eight; other observers put the number as high as twenty. The point is not one on which it is safe to dogmatise, but, by analogy, Mr. Howard Saunders' statement most commends itself. The young cuckoo's upper bill is not flattened, nor does it employ the bill to eject its nest-fellows; that task is performed by the back, aided by the featherless wings and muscular legs. The back is curiously hollow in the young cuckoo, but when twelve days old the hollow fills up. This fact confirms the theory that the depression exists for the express purpose of enabling the young bird to hoist out its unfortunate foster-brethren.

William Thomas Jagers, the London District Messenger-boy, has become famous all at once at sixteen years of age. On March 10 Private Jagers was despatched by Mr. Richard Harding Davis from the Piccadilly office with a letter to Chicago. On March 30 he returned to Waterloo, and received an "ovation" as if he had been a Kitchener in miniature, having covered 8378 miles in eighteen days and beaten the mails. He was decorated by Lady Adeliza Manners with a silver medal, and raised to the rank of sergeant. Some American newspapers jeer at Jagers because they say he is the mere excuse for Harding Davis's puffing himself. Which may be true, but is unkind, seeing that Richard is an American himself.



WILLIAM THOMAS JAGGERS.

Photo by Thiele, Chancery Lane.

Mr. J. M. Glover, known to his intimate friends as "Jimmy" Glover, has a funny story to tell. He lately took unto himself a wife, and set up his Lares and Penates at Hampton Court. Being a busy as well as an able man, he wished to have a telephone, an electrophone, and other luxuries of modern civilisation installed; but the companies are not anxious to go out of their way to oblige anybody, and Mr. Glover proceeded to castigate them in the columns of the local paper. "Thanks to the lack of communication," he said, "anybody who wishes to effect a burglary at my house can do so. Policemen are conspicuous by their absence, communication is impossible, thieves can call and help themselves." Having "wrote sarcastic" in this strain, the worthy composer and conductor hied him to the North of England on business. On the following evening, the burglars, who evidently read the local paper, took him at his word and made a friendly call. He had forgotten to say in his letter that he possessed a plucky wife and a big dog, and this neglect gave the burglars a wasted night, for they alarmed Mrs. Glover, she loosed the dog, and the burglars retired suddenly, probably to write to the local paper and denounce Mr. Glover for omitting so essential a particular in calling their attention to the attractions of his premises.

Some few months ago, I announced in these columns the forthcoming establishment of a café in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. The progress made since then has been so rapid that the Café de l'Europe, as it is to be called, is nearly ready for its patrons. Situate in Leicester Place, at the corner of the Square, it will command the patronage of the French and Italian colonies in Soho, and, should the experiment succeed, we may see all the town blossoming with cafés. The present attempt is plucky, but not complete, for Leicester Place is too narrow to admit the chairs and tables on its pavement, and patrons must be content to sit under a ceiling, though the windows will be open to the street. Apart from all other considerations, I welcome the café because, happily, it may teach the art of making coffee to the average London caterer. Why does a man find average English coffee as impossible as the average French tea? At some London restaurants the making of coffee is understood, but the ways of the management are devious and sly. Conscious that the untravelled Englishman is no connoisseur, they give him a small cup of yesterday's decoction for threepence or fourpence; if he wants a proper cup of coffee, they call it "special," and charge sixpence. So soon as cafés rule in London, these subtle ways must end, and a cup of coffee fit to drink will be bought by all men at a low price—perhaps for twopence.

The principal attraction of the Royal Military Tournament at Islington, which begins on May 25, will be a pageant entitled "The Warriors of Britain." Four periods will be represented—"The Wars of the Roses, 1452-85," "The Battle of Newbury, 1643," "Lucknow, 1857," and "Khartoum, 1898." The "Mutiny" display will be rendered the more interesting by the introduction of the guns used by "Peel's Naval Brigade," and the Khartoum campaign will be represented by men who participated in it, including some of the 21st Lancers. The combined display, entitled "Perak," will deal with the expedition against the Malays who murdered the British Resident in 1875, and the regiments actually engaged will send detachments to take part in the mimic representation, together with Artillery, Police, and a Naval Brigade. Last year, owing to the show being closed on the day of Mr. Gladstone's funeral, the receipts fell off to the extent of about £1500, but it is hoped that this year the average of £12,000 will be more than maintained. After the Islington show comes the provincial "tour"—curiously so called, as only one town will be visited each year—and either Liverpool, Leeds, or Manchester will be the place for this year's continuation of the Tournament.

Major Diekhuth, of the Prussian General Staff and a teacher at the War Academy, has published the lecture on "The Present Conditions in the Soudan" which he gave, in the presence of the Emperor, to the Military Society recently. He has nothing but praise for the Sirdar, and describes Lord Kitchener's plan and his logical execution of the whole campaign as "a very grand and incomparable" achievement. The Sirdar, says the Major, has the two qualities which every strategist must have, and which are rarely found in the same man—patience in waiting and quick action at the right moment. What Nelson's guns began off Aboukir, the Sirdar's Maxims completed at Omdurman. Major Diekhuth holds that Germans have every reason to be satisfied, as their commerce can now quietly pursue its course on the Nile under British protection of life and property. Even the French and Russian papers justify Lord Kitchener's action with regard to the Mahdi's tomb, so that it has been left for his own countrymen—fortunately, a very small minority—to raise the only cry against him. However, the Sirdar goes on with his work, and has just had all his furniture and belongings at Cairo sold off, having definitely made his home at Khartoum.

While Count Muravieff has been sending circulars to the Russian representatives abroad instructing them to convey the Czar's thanks to all who have by letter or telegram expressed their approval of his humanitarian work and his "efforts to sow the fruitful principles of universal peace in the public conscience," Captain Novitsky has been delivering a lecture on "Military Sketches of India" at the Staff Headquarters of the Russian Guards at St. Petersburg, in the presence of the Grand Duke Vladimir and the highest military authorities. Captain Novitsky has spent four months in India, personally investigating the state of the Anglo-Indian troops, and he was much impressed by the "low degree of education of the native officers," and the absence of any Government measures for improving their "wretched condition." The border defences, he said, were not in the satisfactory state represented by English authorities, and the attitude of the natives towards the English was hostile. Unfortunately, however, they had heard but little about Russia, and what they had heard was "false and unfavourable." The lecture was illustrated with photographs of Indian frontier fortifications, barracks, localities, and types of native soldiery. Curiously enough, the one note of discord in connection with disarmament comes from America,

where the *Army and Navy Journal* hopes that the Czar will not be allowed to "huggermugger" the United States into the idea of shutting out invention from war, and says, pertinently enough, if the United



FANCY-DRESS BALL GIVEN AT ST. HELENA BY OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY AND ENGINEERS.

States do not require even a hundred thousand soldiers, Russia, taking into consideration her population, cannot have need of many more.

Every now and then it is allowed to transpire that one of the regiments of the red-trousered little soldiers of France has been almost decimated after partaking of one of the meals furnished by a paternal Government. When the scandal becomes too great to hide from the public, an inquiry is instituted, the usual result of which is that the wholesale poisoning is laid at the door of the tins of preserved beef, the rest of the offending tins being solemnly destroyed. This waste of food seems to have struck several of the Deputies as sinful, and, in the discussion the other day in the Chamber on the credits for the Prison Department, one Deputy, Baron Demaigay, suggested that considerable economy might be effected by feeding the convicts on the condemned meat, instead of destroying it, just as the animals in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris are fed exclusively on the rotten meat condemned in the markets. The Director of the Prison Department promised to study the question carefully, though he let it be understood that even condemned meat was likely to be esteemed a luxury by prisoners who never tasted meat at all. The cost of keeping a convict, he said, amounted, as it was, to only twenty-six centimes a-day! What I should very much like to know is, how, in protectionist France, human life can possibly be sustained at all on twopence-halfpenny a-day. It clearly is not the maintenance of the inmates of the prisons that is endangering the stability of the French Budget.

The *Sketch* editorial room has a rival in the billiard-room of the 32nd Pioneers at Mian Mir, which I reproduce here. The posters are mounted on frames, and taken with the regiment to whatever station it may be sent. Some of them are ten to fifteen years old.

Mr. Douglas H. Gordon, J.P., who occupied the position of Secretary to the Old Welcome Club during the Victorian Era Exhibition with so much success, has been reappointed to the post.

The latest new journal is called *The Thames*. It costs a penny.

The Queen is so anxious to minimise all risk of fire at Balmoral that while she is at the Castle no fuel is used but birch-wood, which causes extremely little smoke or soot, and all the chimneys are swept once a fortnight. She recently has had the Firemaster of Aberdeen to report on the fire-appliances in the Castle.



BILLIARD-ROOM OF THE 32ND PIONEERS AT MIAN MIR.

The very latest London journal will appear on Friday. It is called the *London Letter*, and will cater for the intellectual wants of the many millions of English-speaking folk who reside outside the British Isles. With two eminent journalists—to wit, Mr. Algernon Locker, a gentleman who needs no introduction to readers of *The Sketch* as the

one-time Editor of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Stafford Ransome, who is famous in a dozen different countries as a Special Correspondent—the *London Letter* should have no difficulty in maintaining the high standard of independent and unbiassed opinion it proposes to hold.

If the verdict against Lady Harberton, in her action against Mrs. Sprague, of the Hautboy Inn, was given on the point of law that the defendant did not actually refuse to supply refreshments, there may be no case for appeal. But if Mrs. Sprague assumes that she is now legally entitled to treat every lady cyclist in knickerbockers as



COVER OF THE LATEST LONDON PAPER.

she treated Lady Harberton, I hope the issue will be raised in the Courts again. It is unreasonable for Mrs. Sprague to think that her business would be injured by the appearance of ladies in "rational dress" in her coffee-room. That costume may be worn in public without calling for the interference of the authorities, and it is not for Mrs. Sprague, or any other innkeeper, to set up a standard of decorum which is not required by the police. Moreover, it is ridiculous to say that the Hautboy Inn is discredited by a costume which every lady who cycles in France believes to be the only safe and appropriate dress for women in this exercise. Mrs. Sprague is the animated representative of a very silly prejudice, and she and her like must be taught that they are not arbiters of delicacy for their customers.

Mrs. Sprague's notion of what is delicate is peculiar. She could not admit Lady Harberton to the coffee-room—which would, doubtless, have been contaminated by "bloomers"—but sent her into the bar-room, to the society of gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves. Was this intended to stimulate the racy local humour at Lady Harberton's expense, or does Mrs. Sprague really believe that the skirtless costume of this lady cyclist is improper in a coffee-room, but quite in keeping with the easy undress of the bar? That is a point I should like to see submitted to a jury.

To spend Easter in Rome is annually the desired and accomplished of a great many persons, whether devout, *dilettante*, or neither, while comparatively few ever think of doing Madrid at that time, though in no other country are the religious and social ceremonies that end Lent so picturesquely administered. At the Spanish Court, ever since the days of the third Ferdinand, the reigning Sovereign washes the feet of twenty-six poor persons on Holy Thursday, and an onlooker at last week's function sends some interesting details of the ceremony. A number of ladies accompanying the Queen-Regent, among whom were the Duchess de Medina-Sidonia, Marquise de Molino, and the Duchess de Castryon, proceeded to remove the foot-coverings of each old man and woman, placing in front a golden basin, into which the Papal Nuncio poured water from a golden ewer. Then the Queen, having covered her royal robes with a large towel, knelt in front of each, washing and kissing their feet. Afterwards a dinner was served to the twenty-six, the Queen-Regent waiting upon her poor old subjects. As her Majesty removed the plates, they were placed in baskets, which the old men and women had brought with them. These plates are afterwards sold outside the place by their owners, and fetch quite high prices. The room in which this rite took place is the famous *Salle des Colonnnes*, the ceiling of which was painted by Giaquinto. One of the finest tapestries in the world, representing the Holy Supper, covers a wall of this great salon. Quite four hundred persons were present, apart from the Court and Diplomatic Circle, and the gorgeous dresses and jewels of the ladies were in curious contrast to the poor and decrepit old figures of the twenty-six who formed the *motif* of this ceremonial.

The Cairo season may be said to have closed with M. Prévost's splendidly done cotillon at the Savoy the other evening. The principal figure, invented by the host himself, was the introduction of a bier, carried in by two men during a waltz. It was loaded with flowers

of every kind, which they proceeded to scatter as tribute to the departed season. A rather gruesome idea for a ball-room, but so well carried out that one forgave its suggestion. Mrs. J. J. Astor was one of the most be-diamonded women in the room, wearing a large double agrafe of those stones in her hair. Princess Henry of Pless wore a black-scale armour dress. Miss Nasmyth was amongst the dancers. Captain de Montmorency, one of the much-fêted "21st," and Prince Mohamed Ali looked on with a tolerant air while these energetic Westerns danced for their own amusement.

It is satisfactory to know that an adequate memorial is at last to be raised on the spot where Dr. Livingstone's heart lies buried in Central Africa. The Livingstone Memorial Committee at Blantyre have accepted the offer of the British South Africa Company to reserve a plot of ground of a hundred acres round the spot, and a column of forty feet high will be erected as a permanent memorial. The place was formerly marked by a great Baobab or Mpundu-tree, on which his boys had cut into the solid wood the fact of his death. In the last letter written by Mr. E. J. Glave, the American explorer, he reported that while in Ilala he had discovered this tree, on which the bark had been peeled off for a space of about two feet and a half in order to cut the inscription. He thinks that Joseph Thomson's trusted follower, who was said to have visited the place, and who brought back a piece of the bark with lettering cut upon it, was only an ingenious rascal. Later, Mr. Poulett Weatherley made an appeal that something should be done ere the Mpundu-tree fell through fire or decay. Nothing, he thought, could be more appropriate than the simple, rugged tree standing over the spot. To Mr. Weatherley the grave in Westminster Abbey was nothing to the Mpundu-tree at Old Chitambo. He mentioned that the stream on the right bank of which Livingstone died was the Luwe. The Edinburgh Livingstone statue is entirely dwarfed by being placed under the shadow of the Scott monument.

Admirers of the Beggarstaff Brothers' work will be interested in this drawing by Mr. James Cadenhead, who, like Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Forrest, who has followed in the same line, is a Scot. I think I am right in saying that Mr. Cadenhead was the first of the three to do this kind of work. He began his art career twenty years ago as a student at the Edinburgh Academy schools. Then he went to Paris, in 1882, and studied there for a few winters under Carolus Duran. He came home in 1884, and in 1891 settled in Edinburgh, where he formed a friendship with the versatile Professor Patrick Geddes, for whom he did a lot of work on the *Evergreen*, of which he was the Art Editor. In 1893 he was elected a member of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and has since exhibited annually with that society. He helped to found the Society of Scottish Artists, a society designed to



"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."

From a Drawing by James Cadenhead.

ease the strain on the space of the Royal Scottish Academy, and to enable young artists to show their more ambitious work to advantage. It has been a success, but not without having to fight the Royal Scottish Academy, which took fright at it. Mr. Cadenhead is at present in London.

When Madame Michelet, widow of the great French historian, died the other day, there ended such a romance as has rarely been lived, and as in fiction would have been regarded as fantastic. When Michelet married the young, the gifted, and pretty Andrée Mialaret, he was an old man, famous and cynical. It operated a complete change in his life. She became his muse, and made the end of his life a dream and an enchantment. He installed her in a little appartement whose windows looked out over the delicious garden of the Luxembourg; in a true lover's nest, from which all appearance of serious study was banished; in the midst of gilded cages filled with singing-birds, and spreading palms and the colour and perfume of flowers. Michelet, whose life had been austere, and whose first wife had made him very unhappy, became radiant in this new and charming midst. Though he hated the social world outside, he loved to bring into his home the noise, the brilliance, the gaiety of fêtes, and nothing could be imagined more delightful than the improvised masquerades, or more nobly joyous than the dinners, when he gathered his friends around his young wife.

In an impulse of tenderness and pity, born of this discovery of love and woman, he abandoned momentarily his historical work to write his books "L'Amour" and "La Femme," in which all his doctrine of woman was inspired by his adoration of his wife. Seeing in her, excusably if mistakenly, the qualities and weaknesses of all women, his propounded theories were only an excuse to address to her in public, and in admirable language, the discourses of Don Ruy Gomez to a Doña Sol without Hernani. The curious fact that in "La Femme" he makes an almost unrestricted eulogium of the women of black race is explained by the circumstance that Madame Michelet was the daughter of a secretary of Toussaint L'Ouverture, "the greatest of the blacks." No wonder, then, that Madame Michelet loved the glorious old man with a love that did not end with his death. Her long widowhood of a quarter

of a century has been spent in watching over his grave, in writing biographical notes of her dead hero, and in bringing out new editions of his works. She died in the bed-chamber where he died, which she had piously preserved exactly as he had left it. It is a bit of reality come down out of the romantic period of French literature, and it strikes the naturalistic world of to-day with dumb wonder.

The accompanying photograph is of a 66-lb. "Kabeljouw," or "Cape Salmon," caught during the January fishing season at Kalk Bay, Cape of Good Hope, by Mr. K. B. Fairbairn, a well-known local angler, after a hard fight of upwards of an hour, this being the largest but one caught during the season, Mr. H. M. Findlay capturing a 76-lb. fish. The season has been an exceptionally good one,

salmon, yellowtail, elf, and other fish being numerous, and ranging in weight from four to thirty pounds. Boat-fishing has also been fair, though the number of sharks caught seems on the increase.

That cherished dream of the more enterprising among anglers, re-stocking the Thames with salmon to wit, is discussed with much ability by Mr. R. B. Marston in the April *Nineteenth Century*. The experiment has been tried several times, and has always failed utterly. The general consensus of opinion is that, in the state of the river below London Bridge, no salmon, even if he survived the endeavour to reach the sea, would ever have the hardihood to face it again when he sought to return, for the homing instinct is strong in the salmon, and the fish always returns to the river of its birth after going down to the sea. Arrangements have been made to hatch out salmon ova at Hedsor; for five years, two-year-old fish are to be turned into the tidal weir, and watch will be kept at Teddington, the first lock which would stop them on the upward journey, to ascertain if any return. Sir Thomas Brady, late Inspector of Irish Salmon Fisheries, makes a suggestion which the economical mind thinks should be tried first. He proposes to put a few live samlets in a convenient wire cage and float them down through the foul water to the sea; if they survived the ordeal, we should know that the sewage was not to blame for the salmon's desertion of Father Thames since 1821, and the re-stocking committee might start building salmon-ladders at the locks some believe to be the obstacle.

A unique dramatic performance has recently been carried out very successfully in different parts of the North of Ireland. The scene, the preaching of St. Patrick at Tara, was first acted at Letterkenny, Donegal, in November last by a local troupe. On St. Patrick's Eve, March 16, in this year, it was produced by a party of Gaelic students and speakers in Belfast; and the third performance came off very successfully in Derry

on Easter Monday. This, I am told, is the first play ever acted in the Irish language, and it is, I understand, likely to be the first of a series of attempts which will progress in their scope till a well-equipped Gaelic drama becomes an actuality. The tourists who now flock to the shrine of



A SCENE IN THE FIRST PLAY EVER GIVEN IN IRISH.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

Wagner and the Passion Play of Bavaria may in the next century congregate in some theatre of Connacht to witness a representation of the deeds of Gaelic heroes. I give two pictures of the play.

In "Macbeth" we read that the hero would never be vanquished until "Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come against him." This classic Perthshire estate of Dunsinane, lying midway between the town of Perth and Coupar-Angus, has just been sold to Mr. Bernard, brewer, Leith, for £70,000. There is a fort on the estate, known as "Macbeth's Fort"; the famous Hill of Dunsinane is included; and there is a spot known as "the Lang Man's Grave," where Macbeth is said to have been buried, after falling over a rock when pursued by



ST. PATRICK BLESSING THE IRISH PRINCESSES.

Photo by Kilpatrick, Belfast.

Macduff. Unfortunately for this story, research has shown the tumulus as only a Druidical stone. Two proprietors especially, Sir William Nairne and Lord Dunsinane, have done much to improve the estate by tree-planting and otherwise. A glorious view is afforded of the surrounding country from Dunsinane Hill.

Miss Julia Marlowe, wife of Mr. Robert Taber (whose regretted illness has kept him out of the casts of "The Only Way" and "Robespierre" at the Lyceum), is just now playing in America a comedy part. This is the title-rôle in "Colinette," a play adapted by Henry Guy Carleton from the French original of MM. Lenotre and Martin, which had a long run at the Odéon.

I deeply regret the death of Miss Rose Leclercq, not merely because she leaves no second, but because she was the last prominent member of an old and distinguished theatrical family. It is nearly eight-and-thirty years (writes "W. C. F.") since Rose Leclercq, following in the steps of her father, Charles Leclercq, and in those of her distinguished sister, Carlotta, made her first stage appearance of any note at the Princess's Theatre, as Mrs. Waverly, in Brougham's "Playing with Fire," and I am old enough to recall with pleasure her beauty, grace, and charm in such parts as Mary Vance in the "Deal Boatman," as the Phantom of Astarte in "Manfred," when Phelps revived Lord Byron's drama at Drury Lane, and, later, in several of Boucicault's plays, and as two different Margarets, the Margaret in "King o' Scots," and the Margaret in "Faust and Marguerite." In 1872, Rose Leclercq had long established her position as a leading lady, and when Fechter revived "Ruy Blas," at the Adelphi, she played the Queen; when, in the same year, Phelps gave "Othello" at the Princess's, she was the Desdemona. Another delightful Shaksperian assumption was her Mrs. Ford, which she played to the Falstaff of Phelps in 1874. One of her greatest successes in those far-off days was her Claire Ffolliott in Boucicault's "Shaughraun"; this was in 1875. Then came a period when Londoners saw but little of the clever and gracious actress, during which time the provinces learned to know and appreciate her in a number of more or less exacting rôles, her greatest dramatic achievement probably being the title-part in "That Lass o' Lowrie's," the more or less satisfactory stage-version of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's strong and striking story. Her last part, in "The Manœuvres of Jane," was not very good, but she lent it all the distinction of her rare art.

As a contrast to Tod Sloan on the opposite page, I give a picture of a jockey of Ancient Rome. He raced in a light chariot, the competitors being usually four, distinguished by the colour of their close-fitting tunics and leather caps—green, red, blue, and white, typical of the seasons. Standing within the reins in his car, the driver could control his horses by the weight of his body, and, to save himself from being dragged in case of an upset, was provided with a knife in the belt, wherewith to cut the reins. The circus was the place for this kind of



MISS ROSE LECLERCQ, THE STATELIEST OF ENGLISH ACTRESSES, IS DEAD.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

sport; the largest of them, the Circus Maximus, about 21,000 feet long, could accommodate as many as 480,000 spectators. Seven times was it necessary to race round the *spina*, a low stone wall running down the centre of the circus. The betting ran high, and the excitement of the people over the races and their favourite colour frequently led to

bloodshed. The licentious Caligula—he who made a consul's horse—passed most of his time rioting with the charioteers of the day. That the profession was a paying one we learn from ancient money-prizes and wages being the source of income. The Crescens, at the age of twenty-two, had amassed a fortune of mo-



AN ANCIENT ROMAN JOCKEY.

£12,000 of our money, and Diocles, King of Jockeys, left £250,000 to his son. The names and portraits of popular charioteers were even engraved on household utensils and on children's toys. The illustration is from a mosaic of the four factions discovered some years ago in the vicinity of Rome, now in the museum of the Baths of Diocletian. The group was valued by a certain well-known dealer in antiquities as worth £800; put away by the owner in an outhouse, the mosaic disappeared and was subsequently found in possession of the dealer.

THE NEW COMIC OPERA.

Lovers of comic opera will be glad to see that "L'Amour nouveau" new piece at the Lyric, belongs to the class of which "Cornerville" is the "Charley's Aunt" or "Our Boys." It tells a love-story with a touch of poetry, and, but for a moment, could say that the work never strays from its frame. All this quality; fortunately, "L'Amour Mouillé" has positive merit of lively, tuneful music from three lyres, of amusing, admirable performance, and handsome mounting. The tale of the Princess of Taranto, who flouted Cupid, and cast his statue into the sea, is less cruel than some of the classic stories about those who serve Eros, for the only revenge of the eternal boy was to make her fall in love with the handsome young Prince of Syracuse, and cause obstacles to obstruct the course of her love-story. For the Prince who fell in love with her, was the enemy of Taranto, and Pampelini, Governor of the City, wished to wed Lauretta to his nephew, Ascani mere Jack-a-Noodles. So Lauretta had to take refuge for a while in a convent, whither came her sweetheart and also the Governor, both in disguise. When Master Cupid had punished Lauretta sufficiently for these trials, he caused peace between Syracuse and Taranto to be proclaimed, and consequently the Princess and Prince were able to marry, and I hope they will be happy—at the Lyric—for a long time, not for ever after. Messrs. William Yardley and H. Byatt have adapted the French libretto skillfully, if without exhibiting brilliant wit or graceful turn of versification. Perhaps the additional number of Mr. Landon Ronald and Mr. Paul Rubens clash a good deal, but they show some merit, and, indeed, show greater musicianly skill than the number of Mr. Varney. The "hit" of the piece was made by Miss Evie Greer as the Princess Charming, who acted with vigour and ability and with an excellent voice. Miss Jessie Huddleston sang very prettily as the Princess, and Miss Kate Cutler was delightful in the character of the orange-girl who makes a fool of Pampelini. Mr. John Le Hay, as the Governor, had a heavy part which he carried lightly, and, though he did no song of much effect, succeeded in giving character to his work and laughter to everybody.

"A Runaway Girl," which celebrated its three hundredth birthday on Wednesday, has been greatly brightened, notably by the dress of the ladies in the "Listen to the Band" scene in uniforms. The souvenir, which consisted of the score, illustrated, was exceedingly handsome.

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"THE CUCKOO," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



At Maidensbourne they are discovered by a waiter (made very funny by Mr. Stevens) who had cailed on Mrs. Penfold earlier in the day for the place of butler. Of course, he takes Farrant to be Penfold, and that leads to a world of complications.



Further difficulties arise in connection with a dinner which is being given at the inn by the Mayor of Maidensbourne (Mr. Volpé) to an African Chief.

THE NORWEGIAN WINTER DERBY.



THE LEAP THROUGH MID-AIR AS SEEN BELOW THE JUMP. DR. NANSEN AND LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN WATCHING THE LEAP.

The course down the hill is about a hundred and eighty yards long, and the "leap" takes place some two-thirds of the way down the course. The time in descending it occupies only seven to nine seconds, of which two to three seconds are spent in mid-air during the leap, the length of which is generally sixty to seventy feet. This year the winner cleared a leap of seventy-eight feet in length.



THE COURSE OF THE HOLMENKOLLEN SKI COMPETITION, NEAR CHRISTIANIA.

SOME NOTABLE GIANTS.



BOCCACCIO'S GIANT.

measured 123 ft. 9 in., and Eve 118 ft. 9 in. Noah stood twenty feet less than Adam, while Abraham was but 28 ft. in all. Moses being 13 ft., and Hercules no more than 10 ft. The height of Goliath, 6 cubits and a span, has been variously estimated: by Bishop Cumberland at 11 ft., by Parkhurst at 9 ft. 6 in., by others at 11 ft. 5 in. and 9 ft. 9 in. respectively. Josephus and the Vatican copy of the Septuagint both set the Philistine champion of Gath down at 4 cubits and a span, which, at the outside, would make only a little over 8 ft., a height equalled in many well-authenticated instances since the day David slew his mighty enemy.

By far the most inordinate dead giant of whom there is any account is the one minutely described by Boccaccio as discovered in his own time, in a cavern in Sicily, affirmed to be 200 cubits high. This tall story was exposed by the learned Athanasius Kircher, of the Society of Jesus, who visited the scene of the alleged discovery, and observed that the height of the cavern was barely thirty feet, while the only remains that could be shown him were the fossilised teeth of elephants, Mastodons, or Mammoths, which were frequently mistaken for those of giants, as were the teeth of whales.

Gog and Magog appear to have been myths, and apparently the first modern giant of whom we have any record is that royal porter of Queen Elizabeth whose portrait, by Zuccherro, hangs at Hampton Court Palace. He was a Dutchman, and stood 7 ft. 6 in. Walter Parsons, the porter of James I., measured the same. Will Evans, who succeeded Parsons and served as royal porter to the luckless Charles I., attained 7 ft. 8 in. He was a Welshman. Cromwell had his giant porter, one Daniel, 7 ft. 6 in., as recorded by a large "O" at the back of the terrace at Windsor Castle, almost under the gallery window. He became

The appearance at the London Pavilion Music Hall of the Swiss giant, Constantin, naturally recalls some Goliaths of modern times.

In days gone by, most nations held the belief that the men who preceded them were of immense build. Heathen mythology and the folk-lore handed down to our own times are replete with marvellous legends based on this idea, which the monkish historians of the middle ages assisted to promulgate, whilst maintaining that the height of man had gradually decreased since the Flood.

Henrion, a French Academician, who held similar views, gives a comparative scale, according to which Adam

year, another giant, named Cornelius MacGrath, died at College Green, Dublin. He stood 7 ft. 8 in. On the day his corpse was to have been "waked," the students made away with it, and therein is said to have originated the feud between them and the coal-porters. The body was dissected at Trinity College, where the skeleton now hangs.

Thomas Hill Everett, an enormous infant, who may well be classed among giants, measured 3 ft. 1½ in., and weighed close upon nine stone, at the age of nine months and two weeks. The tape passed round his wrist marked 6½ in., round the ankle 9½ in., round the calf 12 in., round the thigh 18 in., round the small of the back 24 in. At eleven months he had increased to 3 ft. 3 in. in height, while the wrist, calf, and thigh measurements were 9 in., 14 in., and 22 in. respectively. He died just before attaining eighteen months. This was in 1780.

Two other Irish giants who were contemporaries, both having been born about 1760, caused much confusion by one and the other adopting the name of O'Brien for show purposes. Their real patronymics were Charles Byrne and Patrick Cotter. Byrne measured 8 ft. 2 in. He died in 1783, in Cockspur Street. In his final moments he begged and prayed that his remains might be buried at sea, so as to escape the doctors; but the famous anatomist, Sir William Hunter, who was on the watch, obtained possession of the corpse, and Byrne's skeleton hangs in the Hunterian Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons.

Cotter's height has been variously set down at 7 ft. 10 in., 8 ft. 3 in., 4 in., 7 in., and nearly 9 ft. According to the plate on his coffin, he measured 8 ft. 1 in., and yet a memorial tablet in the vestibule of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Trenchard Street, Bristol, affirms him to have been 8 ft. 3 in. He died in 1806.

The Prince Regent had a giant porter named Samuel MacDonald, commonly called "Big Sam." According to some, he stood 6 ft. 10 in., but others affirm that he reached nearly 8 ft. This giant had been in the Fusiliers, and, finding the sedentary life at Carlton House incongruous, he returned to the Army. He died while with his regiment at Guernsey. In 1813, Thomas Bell, called the "Cambridge Giant," 7 ft. 2 in., was on view at the "Hog in the Pound," Oxford Street. But



CHANG WAS 8 FEET HIGH.

a giant of whom we may well be proud was James Toller, the "Young English Giant." Born at St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire, in 1795, he measured 8 ft. 6 in., but died at the age of twenty-four. His two sisters were also of gigantic size.

Coming to more recent times, we were visited in 1865, and again in 1889, by Chang-Woo-Gow, a Chinese giant, born in the city of Fy-Chow of highly respectable parents. His father, Chang-Tzing, an eminent Confucian scholar, was also a giant. Chang was nineteen when he first came to London. He then measured 7 ft. 8 in. On the occasion of his second trip he claimed to have grown four inches, and consequently stood 8 ft. He had a sister named Chen-Yow-Tzu, reputed ten inches taller than himself, but this phenomenon of the Far East died on attaining puberty.

James MacDonald, who died near Cork in 1760 at the advanced age of 117 years, stood 7 ft. 6 in., and had an appetite proportionate to his size, for it required nearly four pounds of solid meat at each meal, and several quarts of ale, to satisfy him. In the same

Marian, "the Giant Amazon"



MILLER, THE GERMAN GIANT.



CROMWELL'S PORTER STOOD 7½ FEET.



T. H. EVERETT, AGED 11 MONTHS.

Queen" on the stage, but Marie Elizabeth Wedde in real life, born at Benkendorff, a village near Halle-an-der-Saale, in Prussia, landed in England in 1882, to appear at the Alhambra in "Babil and Bijou." This astounding young lady, only sixteen years of age, stood 8 ft. 2 in. high when the British public first set eyes on her. She was then described as "still growing."

As a matter of fact, her height increased several inches between January and September 1882.

Constantin, who is now at the Pavilion, is nineteen years old, and a native of Maonée, in the Canton of Lucerne, Switzerland. His father was a portrait-painter, and neither of his parents nor his only brother is beyond the normal stature. When Constantin was thirteen, he already measured over six feet, and he continued to increase some five inches each year, and at present he is well over eight feet in height. His feet are seventeen and a-half inches long, his hands twelve inches, chest-measurement fifty-three inches, and his weight is about twenty-six stone. Since he has been on exhibition he has visited parts of Germany, Holland, Belgium,



KING CHARLES'S PORTER AND DWARF.

and France. When in Munich, he stayed for a week with the celebrated Professor Pollinger, and was the object of much scientific examination. The Professor declared that, in regard to his proportions and limbs, Constantin was the most perfectly formed giant that had come under his notice, and that there was no reason why he should not live to be an old man, providing he lived a regular existence. His food consists principally of milk and beef-tea, and anything in the nature of alcohol is strictly tabooed.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Carlton Dawe has two manners. His work at its best is literary, picturesque, and, one must add, somewhat brutal. But now and again he leaves off being strenuous, and sinks into a more pleasantly popular vein. Both manners seem quite natural to him, and the burden of his choice is on himself. In his latest book he has successfully combined the two. The love-story in "The Mandarin" (Hutchinson) is conventionally pretty and sentimental, the traditional rose-coloured lining, in fact, to a rough adventure tale. The rest is a serious attempt to give a picture of that China in which Westerners are not welcome, and in which it is not very healthy for them to live. The book will not be very pleasant reading to missionaries; but its cynicism as to their results is not disrespectful to their efforts; and if his portrait of the villain Wang be in anywise faithful, they have chosen a field for their toil in which failure is not discreditable. Mr. Dawe gives queer glimpses behind-the-scenes in the great cities, and suggests possibilities of perilous adventure in places beyond the reach of the British gunboat which will seem unfamiliar to the polite tourist in China.

Another volume of *Spectator* essays by Mr. R. H. Hutton is published by Messrs. Macmillan in their delightful "Eversley" series. One great fault is to be found with the editing. The articles should undoubtedly have been arranged in chronological order, and this for a very simple reason. Mr. Hutton's views were greatly modified as time went on. He began as a Unitarian, then became a Broad Churchman, but ended as a High Churchman, and, if he had lived much longer, I have little doubt he would have become a Roman Catholic. We have, for example, here, as the thirtieth article, the "Sacramental Principle." The date of this paper is 1872. There are articles as late as 1895. It could be proved that Mr. Hutton did not think the same on the Sacramental Principle in 1895 as he did in 1872, and the editor should have seen to it that the evolution of his thought was properly represented. Another fault is more excusable, because it was committed by Mr. Hutton himself in his lifetime. The essays are not reprinted straight from the *Spectator*, but "we" is turned into "I" wherever it occurs. Now, anyone accustomed to newspapers will see that this is a great error. An article written under the shelter of the editorial "we" takes a different tone and colour from an article which a man writes in his own name, and where he uses the first personal pronoun singular. The effect is inexpressibly awkward, and here and there positively jolts and jars. But the volume, it need hardly be said, is interesting and valuable, and a worthy record of the fight which Mr. Hutton maintained so gallantly and so long against the then dominant philosophy. Nevertheless, it is far better to read those articles in the columns of the *Spectator* as they originally appeared, and the volume does not give an adequate idea of what Mr. Hutton's real strength was. I suppose it is vain to wish for a volume of his letters. In the morbidity of his last days he forbade everything in the nature of a biography, though few lives deserve better to be written than his. The portrait at the beginning is very good, and

must have been taken late. It gives the impression of a man greyer than Mr. Hutton was when I last saw him.

In "Cousin Ivo" (Black), Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick has descended from the heights of satire, her usual abode, to the more comfortable plains of the pleasant story. Her latest book will be more popular, very likely, than "The Grasshoppers," or "Mrs. Finch-Brassey," or "A Woman with a Future," because it is far more good-natured and far more commonplace. There is a return to her old pungent humour in the description of the Zipp family, whose vulgarity is of the kind she loves and knows well how to punish. Then her peculiarly intimate acquaintance with Germans and Germany is again prominent. But, otherwise, one would hardly recognise the clever writer's hand in the romance of "Cousin Ivo," which, with its dark, villainous Count, its legendary, prophetic, and fatal well, its ruined castle, and its beautiful chatelaine, who has never seen the world, seems a bit of medievalism plucked up and rather incongruously placed in a nineteenth-century setting of English tourists and bicycles. A brisk, vivacious story, certainly, but it convinces one who knows her former work that satire is her weapon of power.

"A Son of Empire" (Hutchinson), by Mr. Morley Roberts, is the latest addition to the fast-growing Imperialist fiction. He beats the patriotic drum in it very lustily, and calls in a fervent young woman to wave the flag about. If she only did that besides talking voluble slang, she might be a possible heroine; but when one is asked to overlook a little forgery, because it is all in the cause of Empire, one pauses before sharing Mr. Roberts's enthusiasm. She is a detestable young person, obviously vulgar, and with the common infatuation of the common nursemaid for the fiery red coat and long mustachios. She is tricky and evidently stupid. But she has an affectionate nature, and has a burning love of physical courage, and her chief treasures are photographs of and newspaper cuttings about Mr. Rhodes and a prize-fighter, and some other doughty heroes whose wills and muscles are strong and who are not married. To advance one of these, at the moment an obscure magistrate in Dundum, but who ought to be Commander-in-Chief, a man with a mysterious past, full of romance and prowess, she steals a cipher and wires an order for his promotion to Simla. The forgery is, of course, detected, and gets him into serious trouble, if it also fetches him out of his obscurity. But cheating and stupidity are trifles, we are asked to believe, in comparison with her affectionate heart and her fervent belief in the might and in the mission of England. Even some ardent Imperialists may make grimaces over this fair apostle of their creed, and others may think that Mr. Roberts, in endeavouring to hit the taste of the moment, is doing himself and his art, over which he has proved some mastery, an injustice.

O. O.



CONSTANTIN, AT THE PAVILION, STANDS OVER 8 FEET.

Photo by Charles Janssen.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

An interesting exhibition now occupies the rooms at the Continental Gallery of pictures of "Nooks and Corners of the Austrian Riviera," by Madame Leo de Littrow. Starting from Abbazia, the artist has explored the coast on all sides of the Adriatic, and has made many of its



A COURT AT ASBE, ON THE ISLAND OF ARBE, DALMATIA.

From the Painting by Madame Leo de Littrow. Exhibited at the Continental Gallery.

beauties known on the Continent, and the fifty pictures now offered to London were brought here by the influence and under the supervision of the Countess Hoyos. Madame de Littrow was born at Trieste, and is the daughter of an English mother, her father being the Austrian naval officer and poet Heinrich von Littrow, known in Austria by his poems to the sea, and other works. So Madame Leo de Littrow considers herself half English, and, popular as she already is here, she wishes her work to be better known in this artist's Mecca. She has studied in Munich, Paris, and Vienna, and now dedicates herself almost entirely to the country and shores round Abbazia, to which place she has attracted the Archduchess Stephanie, "Carmen Sylva," King Carl of Roumania, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, and the place, twenty years ago not even a village, is now a growingly popular bathing-place and winter resort, surrounded by the most lovely wooded country, the laurels and olives growing down to the rocks of the blue Adriatic. Altogether, Madame de Littrow is to be thanked, alike by artists and laymen, for opening up a new field for pleasure and art; a country where the little towns and fishing-villages, formerly under the rule and influence of the Venetians, are still Italian in character, and as yet are entirely untouched by the commonplacenesses of modern improvement and progress; a spot to be sought by all who love natural beauties.

What a fund of inspiration the Battle of Waterloo offers to the artist! The very latest picture is entitled

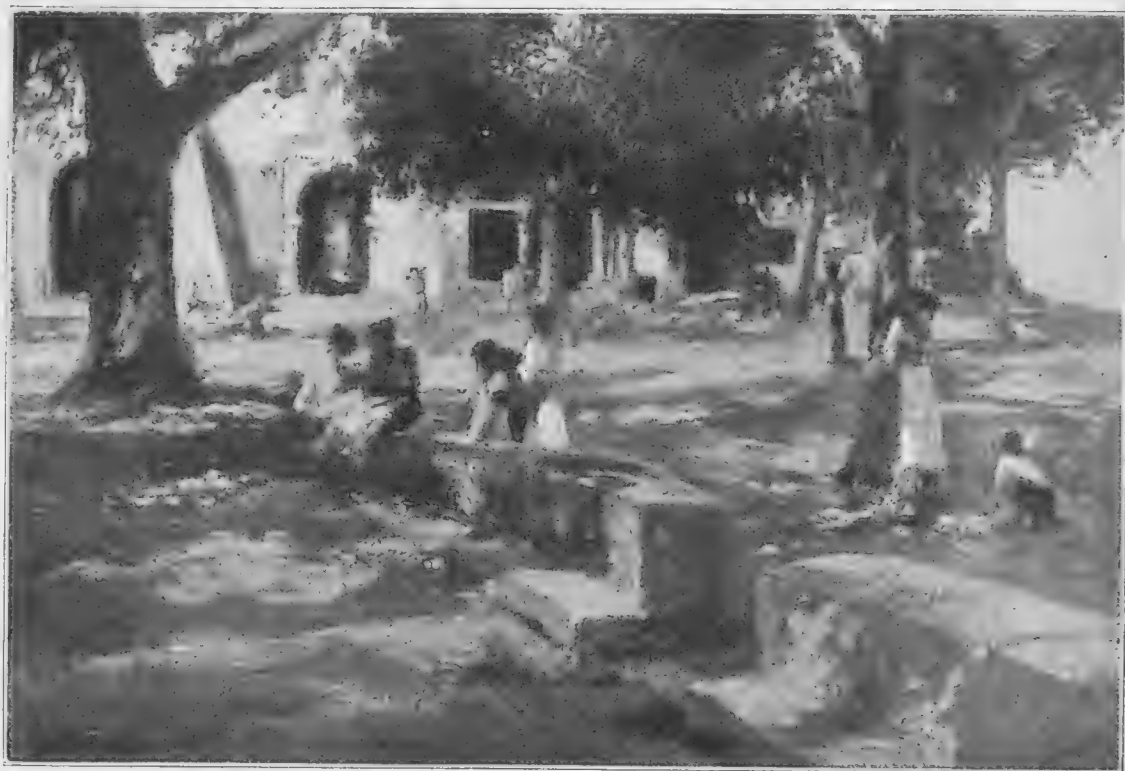
"Amongst the Guns at Waterloo," painted by Mr. Robert Hillingford, and excellently reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. Landecker and Brown, of Worship Street, E.C. It shows some thrilling incidents in the famous fighting of the Scots Greys, and is full of action. In striking contrast is Mr. Robert Morgan's picture, "The Sunshine of His Heart," showing an old man with his grandchildren playing round him at blindman's buff. It has been beautifully reproduced (in Vienna), and is published by Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co.

The French sculptor Rodin has received the official order for the monument of Puvis de Chavannes from the Société des Beaux-Arts, and is said to be much flattered thereby. He intends to set to work on it almost immediately, but has first to obtain from the Museum at Amiens a cast of the bust of Puvis de Chavannes done some years ago. Rodin means to treat the subject broadly—in fact, in the manner of the dead artist himself. The Committee of the Société des Beaux-Arts have not yet made up their minds where the statue shall be placed, but are divided between the new Place de la Sorbonne, in the Quartier Latin, and Neuilly.

The Sorbonne Square, however, seems so much in demand that probably soon there will be no standing-room for statues there. Pasteur, the Emperor Julian, Marshal Catinat, and Paul Verlaine are all clamouring for a corner, and so poor Chavannes will most likely be relegated to the suburbs.

I wonder what some of our prominent artists at home, who are accustomed to ask and receive immense sums for their work, would think of the autocratic rule concerning knights of the palette in Germany, which provides that the Kaiser shall give 500 marks, and no more, for any picture that may strike his august fancy. The kudos of being hung in Imperial salons is doubtless very desirable, but a man, having won his spurs in public opinion and accustomed to get 5000 marks, say, for a picture, may well dread the reward of royal visits to his studio when it foreruns such a cheapening of his wares. An amusing case in point just reaches me from Berlin, where the Emperor, having insisted on thus "buying" a 4000-mark masterpiece intended for exhibition, the sorely beset artist immediately packed his picture and sent it off by next train to its intended destination. Hot foot on his return from the station a lackey came from the Palace for the admired object. It was "not there," however, and so the royal favour and its equivalents have been for the moment withdrawn. There is really something delightfully mediæval about modern Germany.

The most striking building in "stately but dull" Queen Street, Edinburgh, the National Portrait Gallery, the munificent gift of the late J. R. Findlay, is about to be further embellished by the addition of seven more statues for its façade. It is fitting, of course, that the statues should be those of eminent Scots, and the addition of Gavin Douglas, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Viscount Stair, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Hutton, Sir James Douglas, and John Knox to the statuary group will enhance the interest of the institution.



A BIT OF MOSCHENIZZE, NEAR ABBAZIA.

From the Painting by Madame Leo de Littrow. Exhibited at the Continental Gallery.

"THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK," AT THE ADELPHI

From a Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



MISS KATE RORKE AS LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE.

She is in love with the Man in the Iron Mask, and mistakes his twin, the King, for her lover.

"THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK," AT THE ADELPHI.

From a Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



MR. NORMAN FORBES AS PHILIPPE MARCHIALLI (THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK).

He is the elder twin son of Louis XIV., and comes to his own at last.

TWO QUAIN T GRAVES

The claims of Mr. Richard Pendrell to his pile in St. Giles-in-the-Fields have been forgotten by a generation occupied with its own notoriety. I do not know whether even Mr. Herbert Vivian pays due homage at the shrine of the man to whom, in all probability, we owe it that Charles II. reigned over these isles. Richard Pendrell was, in



"UNPARALLELED PENDRELL." (ST. GILES-IN-THE-FIELDS).

point of fact, the guide and protector of Charles after the Battle of Worcester in September 1651. Cromwell had cut his Scottish army to pieces, and Charles would inevitably have fallen into the victor's hands, and would, no doubt, have shared his father's fate, but for the devotion of Richard Pendrell and his brothers. It was in garments gathered from several members of the loyal family that the monarch disguised himself after the battle. Further, "Richard came with a pair of shears, and rounded the King's head, which, my Lord Wilmot having cut before with a knife, was untowardly notched, and the King was pleased to take notice of Richard's good barbering, so as to prefer his work before my Lord Wilmot's." It was during these perilous months of wandering that Charles hid in the Royal Oak of Boscobel while the soldiers of the Protector searched for him beneath.

There is no doubt that Dame Mary Page was proud of that Dropsy. She kept an account of it, and the sums-total you will see in the quaint inscription on her tombstone. The ordeal lasted from 1723 to 1728, and closed a career which was, from all accounts, one of extreme piety and philanthropy. So admirable were her virtues that two London ministers strove as to which should preach her funeral sermon, and in the end both preached on successive Sundays. Perhaps the Rev. Thomas Richardson, who discoursed last, but who was remembered in the old lady's will, may be considered to have had the best of the fray, even though his rival, the Rev. Thomas Harrison, weighed in with an Ode



DAME MARY PAGE WHO DIED OF DROPSY (BUNHILL CEMETERY).
From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

which introduced the Dropsy. Both gentlemen preached from the same pulpit, and both printed their sermons, with the reasons for so doing. Dame Mary Page was the relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart., who seems to have been less particular about his latter end. At all events, he did not, like his estimable spouse, leave directions that a funeral discourse should be preached over him from the text "I have fought a good fight."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is somewhat of a shock to readers to learn that the noble Norwegians are actually threatening to translate their yearnings for independence into action, and are supplying themselves—if reports be true—with arms and munitions of the latest pattern. It is to be hoped that such demonstrations are not seriously meant. If Norway were to revolt from Sweden, where would our tourists go? How could our cargoes of pure young men from the Polytechnic be any more personally conducted to the Land of the Midnight Lunn? Norway is a big corner of the world's playground; active hostilities there would be an absolute anachronism. Unless the war were conducted in the winter, the slaughter would be chiefly among English visitors, for they are far more obtrusively present than the natives.

It is also strange to those familiar with Norwegian literature—in translations—to find the Home Rule and Radical movement in Norway threatening something more than constitutional action and Parliamentary talk. Ibsen's plays are often permeated by the political and social dissensions of his native land, though, to the uninitiated Briton, Norwegian politics are a mystery. Nobody has ever been able to explain exactly what it was that the "League of Youth" wanted to do; but that is the way of all Leagues and all Youths, and the career of the dashing Stensgård—if that was his name (I remember he had the little round button on top of the "a")—was merely "Rabagas" with the wit boiled out of it. In the later Ibsen plays, when politics cropped up, they chiefly attracted notice by their intense parochial bitterness and pettiness.

Yet it is the small nations that lean most to revolutionary politics. We know the record of the ancient and modern Greeks; and about three and a-half millions of Irishmen give infinitely more trouble than five millions of Londoners. The Norwegians are by nature law-abiding; but with them, as with others, distrust between rulers and ruled, between larger and smaller States in partnership, between class and class, will possibly lead to mutual violence, through mutual fear. The Norse grievances, doubtless real enough to the Norwegians, seem flimsy to a mere outsider—some dangerous, others frivolous. The agitation looks to practically complete independence; Home Rule grows into separation. And Russia, cynically crushing a harmless Home Rule in Finland, stands ready to welcome the independent republic of Norway into her haven of peace.

How doth the Russian Crocodile
Delight to talk of Peace,
While building Ironclads the while
With zeal that cannot cease!
How cheerfully he chews the Finn,
And abrogates his laws;
Then welcomes little Norway in
With gently smiling jaws!

Independent Norway is possible, but only precariously. Sweden is economically and physically the "predominant partner." Larger, more populous, with mines and manufactures, Sweden could crush her recalcitrant partner with no extraordinary exertion. Only foreign interference could check the assertion of Swedish supremacy. And would that interference take place? Russia has her own northern ice-free harbour now, at Murman. It would be nice for her to have the countless fiords for refuge in a naval war; but a base cut off from direct communication with Russia by hostile Sweden would be liable to disaster. And Germany would see the reason why; also, very much, England; and France would not be keen on supporting interference in the affairs of the North. Norway as a country to hold against a State controlling the sea is impossible. The fiords cannot all be mined or protected by forts, and they let up vessels into the heart of the country. There is the enormous sea-coast—the English frontier, we might almost call it—and the excessively long land frontier of Sweden, backed across the Baltic by Germany.

And Home Rule is not the most popular creed just now with official Russians. The mild and inoffensive privileges under which Finland has flourished seem a grievous anomaly to the ministers of the Czar. Now the Norwegians possess far more independence already than ever did the Finns. Russian zeal for liberty and independence, as also for peace, is manufactured strictly for export purposes. It is even said (and denied) that *War against War* has had its impassioned periods defaced by the "Caviare" of the Russian censor.

It is sad to think that we shall lose that journal. Mr. Stead finds that his organ has done its duty and achieved its purpose—presumably of losing its readers—and can now stop with a conscience and cash-box duly cleared. And one more ineffectual attempt at self-advertisement is added to his record. Mr. Stead has had his time of notoriety, his day of favour with the great. Now, however, the public obstinately refuses to notice his obstinate quest of fame. He clung in vain to the intrepid female who braved the wicked man in his own Promenade—

He caught the skirts of happy Chant
And wrestled with his evil star,

as Tennyson has it. But it was heavy odds on the evil star; it was Mrs. Chant that got the advertisement; and what did Mr. Stead think of it all? Perhaps "Julia" knows.

MARMITON.

MISS CALHOUN IN "A LADY OF QUALITY."

Every conscientious playgoer has long recognised in Miss Eleanor Calhoun a lady of rare quality in her art. Her quality, indeed, has for the most part been greater than the quality of the plays in which she has appeared; and this is strikingly true of the dramatised version of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's rollicking romance, which Mr. Stephen Townesend



MISS CALHOUN AS CLORINDA IN THE ROSE-GARDEN.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand

helped Mrs. Burnett to make. The play was produced in America by Miss Julia Arthur—who used to be at the Lyceum—and proved a great success. It was introduced to English playgoers at the Comedy Theatre on March 9, Miss Calhoun playing the leading part of the tomboy, Clorinda; and since then it has been partly reconstructed, so that it plays closer, and tells its story much more clearly than it did on the first night.

Miss Calhoun stands out head and shoulders above her comrades, though her part is exceedingly difficult. It traverses the entire range of the art of acting. At first we see her as the young dare-devil girl in boy's clothes—and she makes a splendid boy—fencing with Sir John Oxon as if she had been born with a foil in her hands. Then she is transformed into the gaily dressed girl; from that she passes to the proud, haughty woman, brought to life through the very death of her love, which Oxon has first created and then destroyed. As she stands by the old dial in her father's pretty rose-garden and crowns herself proudly the future Countess of Dunstanwolde, cut to the quick, yet steeled to the point of intense disdain, she looks every inch a queen.

And once again we see her as the dashing huntress, thrilled this time to the romantic love of her childhood by the handsome Duke of Osmonde, whom she had seen in the hunting-field long, long before, and who had come back too late, just at the moment when she had promised to be my Lady Dunstanwolde. The great scene where she strikes Oxon dead and hides his body beneath the sofa is splendidly played by Miss Calhoun, and grips the audience completely. In the last act of all, where she comes to learn that her sister knows how Oxon disappeared, Miss Calhoun's acting is poignant to the point of pain almost, yet ever kept within the limits of art. Altogether, Miss Calhoun has increased her reputation as Clorinda Wildairs.

She has Scotch and Irish blood in her veins, though she is a Californian by birth. She made her first London appearance some years ago in Mrs. Langtry's part in "The Unequal Match." Then she joined the Bancrofts, and made a "hit" as Dora in "Diplomacy." She is one of the few of our actresses who are known in France, for she played Katharine to Coquelin's Petruchio during a series of tours in France, and afterwards played at the Odéon, in Paris. Last year she appeared as Lady Macbeth at the Métropole, Camberwell, and as Cleopatra in Newcastle. Miss Calhoun is exceedingly intelligent, and gives to everything she does a certain distinction; this makes her Lady of Quality a really memorable bit of acting, which everybody who has seen her will not readily forget.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

You can have little idea (writes a correspondent) of the number of people who have been down with influenza till you see the convalescents at Brighton or Eastbourne or Torquay. Time was when honoured age betook itself to a Bath-chair. But when I was down on the South Coast on Saturday, I noticed troops of young women being wheeled about by devoted cavaliers.

Love frequently changes its mould—
And one day the tinkling guitar
Could gaily cajole
Both a heart and a soul
(When voices knew naught of catarrh).
Our Juliet opened her casement above,
And listed o' nights to the lay of her love,
But a lover to-day (when there's "flu" in the air)
Goes wheeling his fair in an invalid-chair.

Love dallied of yore in a bower,
As Strephon and Chloe divine;
He scouted the shower
And the clouds that would lower,
While she was neglecting her kine.
And Chloe was ruddy of cheek as the rose;
Her skirt was so short that you noticed her hose.
But my lady to-day of the cold must take care,
And list to her love in an invalid-chair.

When proud, she would ask for the blade
Of the gallant who ventured to kneel.
So he fought for the maid
With the magical aid
Of a rapier fashioned of steel.
He joined in the tourney or went to the East
(And Cook wasn't with him to cater the feast);
To-day it is Brighton that beckons the pair,
And the knight wheels his love in an invalid-chair.

Diana rode forth to the meet,
And leaped over hedges and fence;
Her horse was so fleet
That her scarlet sweet
Could scarcely wax very intense.
But now she's unfit for her bicycle steed;
La grippe has been making her thin as a reed,
And she's peaky and wan; yet a queen, I dare swear,
Though she reigns from the throne of an invalid-chair.

J. M. B.

MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS THE DUKE OF OSMONDE, CLORINDA'S LOVER,
IN "A LADY OF QUALITY."

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



[Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.]

MISS CALHOUN IN "A LADY OF QUALITY," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Clorinda Wildairs, the tomboy daughter of Sir Geoffrey Wildairs, fights a friendly duel with Sir John Oxon, the rake, who has made a bet that he will accomplish her ruin. She disarms him, to the intense delight of her father's hunting friends and the chagrin of the baronet. Miss Calhoun makes a splendid boy, and fights with great spirit.



[Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.]

MISS CALHOUN IN "A LADY OF QUALITY," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Sir John, after many trysts at the old dial in her father's rose-garden, manages to win her; then throws her off for an heiress (who, happily, kills him afterwards). At this point the desperate Clorinda accepts the hand of the elderly Earl of Dunstanwolde. With blazing eyes, she scorns Oxon, as she crowns herself with roses by the old dial.

HOW I ENGRAVED THE COVER FOR "PICKWICK."

MR. MASON JACKSON, THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHORITY ON ART JOURNALISM, AND AUTHOR OF "THE PICTORIAL PRESS," GIVES "THE SKETCH" SOME INTERESTING DICKENS REMINISCENCES.

When "Pickwick" first came out, I was an apprentice with my brother, the late John Jackson, learning the ancient art of engraving on wood, which was then flourishing under the influence of the Bewick revival and the support derived from the *Penny Magazine* and other publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Publishers were beginning to see the attractiveness of illustrations, and, as woodcuts could be printed with type, an advantage possessed by no other method of engraving, the art which Bewick had revived was soon in much demand. The art of illustration had hitherto been cultivated chiefly in the form of steel or copper plates in expensive books such as the "Annals," but, as wood-engraving was cheaper, it now became the means of widely diffusing a taste for illustrated literature, and it was beginning to be extensively used in my apprentice days.

When "Pickwick" was projected, I presume it was decided to illustrate it with etchings instead of woodcuts because Seymour, the artist, was a skilful etcher. But he was also a practised draughtsman on wood, and was at the very time employed in drawing on wood for Chapman and Hall's "Library of Fiction." It is probable, however, that he preferred to place his illustrations for the new work before the public without the intervention of the wood-engraver, who may not always have satisfied him, and, as he was best known by his etchings, he would naturally desire to follow the method he had hitherto found most successful. If these considerations had any weight, it is difficult to account for the cover of "Pickwick" being drawn on wood, and not etched, like the other illustrations for the projected work. Of course, both artist and publishers would know that a woodcut would not wear out so soon as an etching, but they could never have anticipated the enormous sale the work eventually reached, and that an etched cover would have to be renewed several times. Though Dickens's last works, "Our Mutual Friend" and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," were illustrated with wood-engravings and not etchings, there is no evidence that there was ever any intention of using that art in "Pickwick," except for the cover. But that work turned out to be something so very different from what was expected at the beginning that it is useless to speculate on what might have been intended.

John Jackson had been for some time employed by Chapman and Hall to do their wood-engraving, and, when "Pickwick" was in preparation, Seymour's drawing for the cover of the monthly parts was sent to Jackson to be engraved, and I was entrusted with the work. I well remember the drawing. At the top there was a Cockney sportsman shooting at a sparrow, at the bottom there was Mr. Pickwick asleep in a punt, and at the sides were fishing-tackle, guns, and other sporting emblems. The drawing was not at all elaborate, being done with a pencil in clear outline. I had engraved much more difficult things, and I was not particularly interested in the subject, so that I worked on this celebrated design with no more care or attention than was necessary to produce a faithful facsimile of Seymour's lines. This was the cut that was printed on the celebrated green covers of "Pickwick" as it appeared in the first form of monthly numbers. If I could have foreseen how world-famous it would become, no doubt I should have taken a keener interest in the matter. I had seen sporting etchings by Seymour in Chapman and Hall's window in the Strand, and I suppose, if I thought about it at all, I must have looked upon this cover or title-page of the "Pickwick Club" as being intended for something of the same kind.

Soon after the "Pickwick" cover was finished, I went down to my native place for a month's holiday. While I was away, I received a letter from my brother, and, among other matters, he informed me of the suicide of Robert Seymour, who had shot himself before the second number of the "Pickwick Papers" had appeared. This tragical event made the greater impression on me at the time because the last piece of engraving work I had done before leaving London was the "Pickwick" cover drawn by Seymour.

It appeared that Seymour had made a new design for "The Stroller's Tale," as requested by Dickens, and delivered it at the appointed time, that he then went home and destroyed nearly all the correspondence

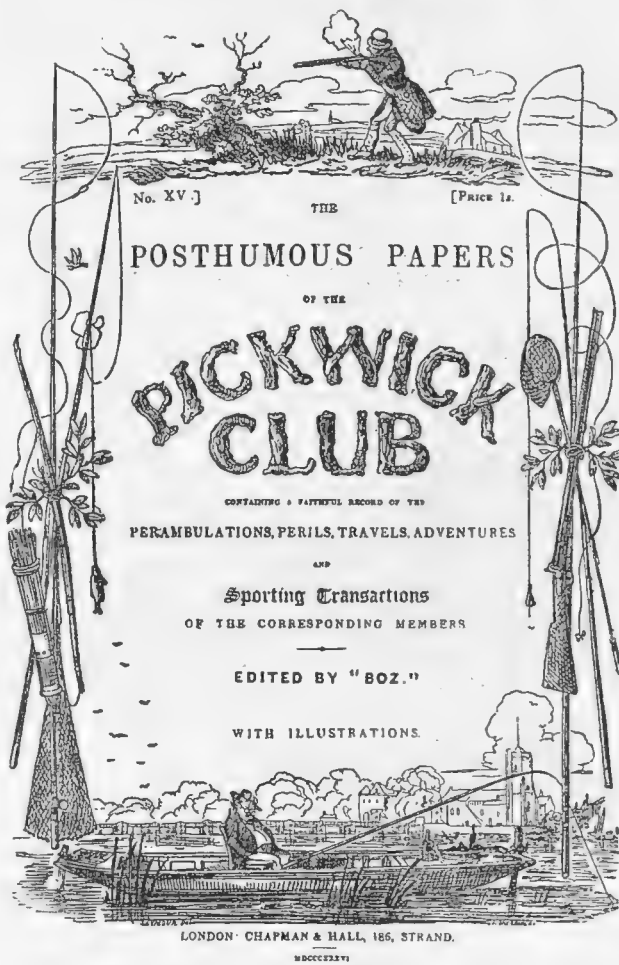
relating to the subject of "Pickwick." He then finished a drawing on the block (probably for the "Library of Fiction," then in preparation by Chapman and Hall), and left it himself at the house of John Jackson. He then returned to his residence at Islington, and, retiring to a summer-house in the garden, he tied a string to the trigger of a gun and shot himself through the head.

The sudden death of Seymour placed Messrs. Chapman and Hall in a most embarrassing position. They were obliged to issue the second number of "Pickwick" with only three plates instead of four, and they did not in the least know where to look for the man who was to continue the series. At this time there were only two artists of repute in London who could etch their own designs. They were Robert Seymour and George Cruikshank. I do not know whether, in the emergency, Cruikshank was ever thought of, or whether it was deemed useless to apply to him. In the midst of their difficulty the publishers applied to John Jackson to help them. He suggested the name of Mr. R. W. Buss. He knew Mr. Buss had done no etching, but he also knew there were experts who could lay the etching-ground for him and do the "biting-in," and, provided these matters were properly seen to, there was no more difficulty in handling the etching-needle than the pencil. About this time Mr. Buss was a frequent visitor at Jackson's house, and for many years afterwards they were intimate friends.

Acting on the suggestion of John Jackson, one of the firm of Chapman and Hall waited on Mr. Buss and explained their difficult position. Under a promise that due allowance would be made for the short time there was for preparation, and for his want of practice in the art of etching, Mr. Buss undertook the commission. The result, as is well known, was failure. All the circumstances of his connection with "Pickwick" have been recorded by Mr. Buss himself, whom I had the pleasure of knowing for many years, and who lives in my memory as a most kind and amiable man. He was full of genial humour, and, after he had mastered the technicalities of etching, he successfully illustrated "The Widow Married," by Mrs. Trollope, "Peter Simple," by Captain Marryat, and "The Court of James II.," by Harrison Ainsworth. Mr. Buss was a large contributor to Knight's "Pictorial Shakspeare," and he designed an excellent series of Chaucer characters for the new series of the *Penny Magazine*, in which he showed considerable antiquarian knowledge. His oil-pictures were numerous, and many of them were engraved.

Among John Jackson's friends at this time were two young artists who were employed as engravers by the Messrs. Finden, the eminent line-engravers. Through these friends Jackson became possessed of a proof impression of a large etching representing "John Gilpin's Ride." It was the work of a young pupil of the Findens named Browne, and was a clever and vigorous specimen of draughtsmanship, as well as an excellent example of skilful etching. There was a "go" about the whole thing that attracted attention at once. Here, it was evident, was an artist who not only possessed the power of design, but was also an expert with the etching-needle—the very qualifications that were needed in the illustrator of "Pickwick." One day Mr. Chapman called on Jackson, and happened to see this etching lying on the table. In common with all who had seen it, he was delighted with it, and made some inquiry about the artist. Buss's first two plates for "Pickwick" had been comparative failures, and whether the publishers might have given him a further trial if "John Gilpin's Ride" had not turned up I cannot tell, but Browne was forthwith applied to and engaged to illustrate "Pickwick." Mr. Buss was busy with new designs, when he was informed that his further services were not required. He was deeply mortified, and, after many years had elapsed, he wrote a detailed account of the whole case for the information of his children.

It has been remarked by writers who have not been well informed on the subject that Mr. Buss was unfairly treated, because he was not allowed the same latitude that was accorded to Hablot Browne in learning the art of etching—the fact being that the latter was already a proficient etcher before he made a single design for "Pickwick." He



THE ORIGINAL COVER FOR "PICKWICK."

had been taught etching under the Findens, as a necessary part of the engraver's art. Afterwards, when work flowed in upon him, he, no doubt, sought assistance in "biting-in" and in laying etching-grounds. The success of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby" created quite a rush of publications in that form, many of which had etched illustrations by "Phiz." He was, besides, constantly making drawings on wood, and must very soon have had his hands so full that he could not possibly have got on without such aid as was afforded him by Mr. Sands, who "bit-in" his plates for him.

To return to Robert Seymour and the cover for "Pickwick." If the design for the cover is to be taken as indicating the proposed character of the book, it is obvious that Seymour expected it to be essentially a sporting book. The only figures in the design—figures that we may reasonably take for Winkle and Pickwick—are both engaged in sport, one shooting, the other angling. There is no suggestion of any of the other well-known characters in the book, such as Sam Weller, the Fat Boy, or Jingle. They grew out of the author's brain as the work went on. There is no doubt that Seymour wished his sketches to be the chief feature of the work, and that the author was to write up to them. Dickens, however, set aside this idea, and almost at once took the lead. He not only insisted that the drawings should grow out of the text, but he objected to one of Seymour's designs, and invited the artist to make another drawing, which he did. When Seymour conceded the point that the artist should follow the author, he probably never thought that the latter would interfere with the illustrations also, and it must have been apparent to him that he was not occupying the position he expected when the work was projected. How far this disappointment may have affected the artist's mind we shall never know.

There is some doubt whether the figure of Mr. Pickwick, as we know him, was the conception of Seymour or of Mr. Chapman, but it was certainly not the conception of Dickens. If we look at Mr. Pickwick in the punt, or Mr. Pickwick addressing the Club, we find the same figure with which we afterwards became so familiar in the body of the book. We have Dickens's own statement that he never saw Seymour but once, and that was within forty-eight hours of the death of the artist. The design for the cover, as well as the four illustrations in the first number, must, therefore, have

been carried out by Seymour before he had ever seen Dickens, and there is no evidence of any correspondence between them on the subject of the first number. Mr. Chapman has stated that the first type for Pickwick was a "long, thin man," but afterwards Seymour adopted a description given by Chapman of a friend of his at Richmond who wore drab tights and gaiters.

No modern book has excited the interest and attention of commentators so much as the "Pickwick Papers." The most trifling incidents connected with its origin and progress have been eagerly seized and added to the ever-lengthening bibliography. The history of its illustrations and the artists who designed them has called forth endless curiosity and research. No part of the story has been more discussed than the incidents that followed on the death of Seymour and the appointment of his successor.

MR. KITTON'S "DICKENS AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS."*

This most interesting book could never have been produced except by a Dickens enthusiast, for it represents an amount of patient labour and

discriminating research that could be found only in a writer thoroughly in love with his subject. That Mr. Kitton was well equipped for the task he has undertaken was proved by his former books about Charles Dickens. The present volume contains a sketch of the life, and a careful commentary on the work, of each of the Dickens illustrators, and a thorough examination of every one of the illustrations in the novelist's writings. To the Dickens collector the work will be invaluable. It is full of facsimiles of original sketches, accompanied by correspondence; and Mr. Kitton has taken infinite pains to point out various discrepancies that occur between the text and the illustrations. For example, in "Nicholas Nickleby," where Mr. Crummles rehearses a combat, the artist has omitted to introduce the figure of the landlord who ushered Nicholas and Smike into the managerial presence. In "Barnaby Rudge," in one place Joe Willet is represented as having lost his right arm, in another place his left arm; but, curiously enough, in the text Dickens himself does not state which arm it was. In like manner, in "Dombey

and Son," Captain Cuttle is represented sometimes with the hook on one arm and sometimes on the other. Dickens describes Dr. Blimber as having ten pupils, whereas the artist gives him seventeen. These and many other minute details show with what untiring interest Mr. Kitton has gone through the whole Dickens literature and compared the illustrations with the text. The incongruities he points out are the more remarkable because we are told of the excessive care taken by Dickens to ensure accuracy between his own descriptions and the work of the artists. He frequently had preliminary sketches submitted to him, and he often suggested alterations.

Though Mr. Kitton includes in his book the names of all the artists who have produced work founded on the writings of Dickens, he very properly gives the first place to those who illustrated the novels as they appeared in the original issue of monthly numbers in the famous green covers. First among these stands Hablot Browne, who succeeded Seymour and Buss on "Pickwick," and who continued to illustrate all the succeeding novels up to "Our Mutual Friend," when woodcuts were substituted for etchings, and Marcus Stone and Luke Fildes entered the field. Browne's success with Dickens during their long connection was not entirely owing to his facility in the use of the pencil and the etching-needle. He had the faculty of readily catching the author's intention—of understanding his ideas before they were written down for the printer. We have Dickens's own statement that the interval was so short between the production of each number of "Pickwick" in manuscript and its appearance in print that the greater portion of the illustrations were executed by the artist

from the author's verbal description of what he intended to write. The ready interpretation of another man's ideas may not be a high mark of genius, but it proved a useful quality in this case.

It is curious that both Seymour and Cruikshank should have claimed having originated Dickens's first works, "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist." There was no further ground than this for either claim: Seymour suggested a work out of which was evolved the Pickwick Club, but he supplied neither a character nor an incident in the book; Cruikshank conceived the idea of illustrating a parish boy's progress, and made several sketches for the purpose, but he had nothing to do with constructing the story or creating the characters.

In giving an account of the artists who illustrated Dickens, and in describing the circumstances under which their work was produced, Mr. Kitton gives abundant proof of the truth of what was said by Forster—that the artists had no easy time of it with Dickens. The interest of the book is much enhanced by a pleasant mixture of literary gossip and artistic criticism, all showing the kindly spirit of the writer. The work is a remarkable monument to the genius of Dickens.



THE DOMBEY FAMILY: FACSIMILE OF FIRST STUDY FOR THE ETCHING BY H. K. BROWNE ("PHIZ").

The "Query" written beneath the Drawing, which is in the possession of Mr. J. F. Dexter, is in the autograph of the artist. It was addressed to Dickens, and reads as follows: "Qy. Whether 'twere better to have him standing thus, stiff as a poker, with a kind of side glance at his daughter, or sitting, as in the other?" The Etching differs considerably from the Drawing.

* "Dickens and His Illustrators." By F. G. Kitton. London: George Redway.



LADY MARY SACKVILLE.

Lady Mary is one of the three sisters of the Earl De La Warr. She was photographed by Madame Lallie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

THE 'LIGHT SIDE' OF NATURE.



GOVERNESS: Now, I suppose, you've forgotten what shape I told you the world is?
PUPIL: No, I haven't forgotten. You said it was round, but I didn't believe it.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A STRANGLED IMPULSE.

BY C. G. COMPTON.

The period was early Victorian; the season, late winter; the place, a drawing-room at Boltons, a large, comfortable house near the Hertfordshire Longford. A fair and elderly lady sat near the fire doing wool-work; another lady was reading at the table. They wore deep mourning.

"Jane ought to be here by this time," said Mrs. Durnford.

"There are many unexpected delays in travelling. The steamer may have been late, and delayed the train. There is no reason for anxiety, Sophia," replied Miss Gardiner.

Mrs. Durnford looked at her sister with an admiration that had not been worn out by thirty years' companionship. The shaded light of the lamp fell on the book, leaving Miss Gardiner's face unilluminated. It looked paler, the side ringlets were white now; but the glance was firm, the form was straight. Mrs. Durnford was the only one of the three sisters who had married. She had lost her husband after three years' marriage. With a diminished fortune and a child to keep, her life would have been cramped if Miss Gardiner had not offered them a home at Boltons. The boy had grown up and made a career for himself in India. It was characteristic of Miss Gardiner that, though she had not approved of her sister's marriage, she had not opposed it. To influence anyone's decision seemed an outrage to her, an unjustifiable intrusion on personal privacy. To carry out the decision, and to do all the work in connection with it, she regarded as her simple duty.

"The daguerreotype does not tell much," said Mrs. Durnford.

"Daguerreotypes do not tell much," replied her sister, and a silence charged with expectancy, as Mrs. Durnford described it afterwards, fell upon the room.

The rustle of the turning leaves of Miss Gardiner's book and the harsh stab of Mrs. Durnford's needle told so much on that lady's nerves that the sound of wheels on the gravel made her flush and start.

"We must meet them," she exclaimed, rising.

A servant loaded with wraps was in the hall, and a young-looking middle-aged lady had just come in.

"Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Durnford, kissing her.

"Such adventures!" replied Miss Jane, as she went to be kissed by Miss Gardiner.

"What—who is this?" asked Mrs. Durnford, staring in surprise at a Sergeant of Marines who had just entered the hall.

Miss Gardiner caught sight of his burden, and drew back the shawl.

"How pretty!" cried Mrs. Durnford, as the three women looked at the sleeping girl whose hand clutched the Sergeant's sash.

"She would go in the carriage with the soldier," said Miss Jane; "and, when he was going to get out at Westingham, she burst into a fit of tears, and clung to him and begged him so prettily not to go that he was so good as to come on. It was very kind of you, Sergeant Burroughes."

"I was glad to come, and I've not more than three miles farther to walk from here. Now I've woken her," said the Sergeant. "We're home now, Missy," he explained, in answer to the questioning eyes. She was all alive in a moment, pushing her brown hair impatiently off her face, and entangling the shawl with her feet in her struggles to get free.

"Henriette, kiss Aunt Mary and Aunt Durnford," said Miss Jane. Already she thought the child peculiarly her care. Had she not brought her from remote provincial France? Henriette considered the question and the aunts, decided in their favour, and allowed them to kiss her.

"She should go to her room now, I think, Barnes," said Miss Jane to the ruddy, solid young woman who had accompanied her. "Now, Henri, dear, say good-bye to the kind soldier."

She ran to him, was lifted as if she were most fragile, and, while the Sergeant kissed her, she tried to tear the Ubique globe from his shoulder-strap. Then she kicked to be released, slid to the floor, and, avoiding the slow Barnes, faced the soldier and swept him a stately curtsy.

"Adieu, mon Capitaine; hélas, adieu!" she said in mournful tone and with saddest air, throwing a world of meaning into her eyes. The affrighted ladies dared not look at one another. It was done with such grace, with such ease, and with an air so woeful and yet with just a touch of mockery, that one would have declared the soul of some Court coquette had possessed the child. It lasted the time to catch your breath, and, behold, the baby-girl was clinging to Miss Jane.

Barnes the remorseless took her away. Miss Gardiner and the Sergeant sat some time talking in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Durnford pressed white rum on him for its medicinal virtues. It had others which told more with the Marine. Miss Gardiner's last speech to him as they shook hands was a little strange: "Beware of women, Mr. Burroughes," she said, and he blushed as he went out.

When Henri was asleep and the servants had gone to bed, the three ladies sat talking much beyond the time at which they were used to retire. They talked like people afraid of reviving a sorrow, like those who are in the shadow of grief. They hinted, suggested, reminded; they could not speak out.

"They are their eyes," said Miss Jane, looking at two miniatures alternately. An inscription in the older one said that it had been presented to Colonel Robert Gardiner when he left the Carabiniers. He

was the only brother of these ladies, and they had thought him the best of men. The other, a soldier too, was his son, Captain Leonard Gardiner, Henri's father. He was lately dead, and lay in a churchyard in the French town where Miss Jane had been.

"Their form, truly, for which we should be humbly thankful," said Miss Gardiner. "God grant that it is not her spirit!"

She felt it more than the others, for they had not, justly or unjustly, to reproach themselves with the unuttered word. True to her principle, Miss Gardiner had not given her nephew the warning that shouted in her brain. She better than the others had known the woman he had married; better than the others she had judged her, but she had not spoken.

"My heart stood still when she curtsied to Mr. Burroughes," said Miss Jane.

"I have never seen a child—barely four years old, too—do such a thing," said Mrs. Durnford. "Without being taught, I mean."

"Sophia, I have seen that action and heard those words twice," said Miss Gardiner. "It was a woman the first time."

"Mary, you will bear with her, won't you? She is so young and loving and pretty, and her anger does not last," begged Miss Jane.

"We all have reason to be kind to her," said Miss Gardiner. "We have them to think of," she said, looking towards the miniatures.

Then there was silence, till Miss Jane put the pictures away, and after that the sisters parted, in sadness surely, but not without a new joy.

Henriette's childhood was stormy. She brought drama to Boltons, so that when, after many postponements on one ground or another, it was decided that she should go to school, there was grief in the house. Her school career alternated between enthusiasms and estrangements, triumphs and defeats. During her third year there, Miss Gardiner was asked whether Henri might take part in the recitations from standard authors, British and foreign.

Mrs. Durnford, seeing great risk, advised refusal.

"It cannot be our duty to create or arouse that taste," she urged.

"She will know that we do not love her any the less if we refuse," said Miss Jane, in spite of painful memories of Henri thwarted.

"It would, I think, be best to let Henri decide for herself," said Miss Gardiner. "We must take the risk some time or another, and if the thing has to be done, it had better be done in circumstances that we know of. Besides, the taste for such things is usual with young people, and frequently wears itself out if given an opportunity. We must remember how much greater the danger will be when she is older. We should have then no right to influence her, and she would decide in ignorance. You say, Sophia, that the occasion may never arise. I pray that it may not; but I think repression is more likely to produce it than indulgence."

Miss Gardiner's advice prevailed, as it usually did. Henri decided for herself. Her *Célimène* in a scene from "*Le Misanthrope*" gave the distinguished and mature lady visitors some new lights on feminine nature. It also won for her the devotion of Cicely Radford, a fellow-pupil who thought acting the whole and sole duty of woman.

When this friendship led to drawing-room theatricals during a visit to Miss Radford, and to invitations to other houses for the same purpose, Mrs. Durnford lamented to see her fears confirmed; but Miss Gardiner stood up none the less for her decision. She did not expect to have it tested so severely and so suddenly as it was when she was asked to allow Henri to play in public for a charity. Again she let Henri decide, with the same result.

The performance was to be given at the old theatre in Westingham, seldom used now except on similar occasions. Years ago it had been one of the theatres in the old circuit where some great actors learnt their business. Now it was almost forgotten, except by the older townspeople, who remembered going in their young days to the entrance in Brewery Yard, while the quality came in by the lane at the side of the George Inn. A theatre seemed out of place among the farming people, the pigs and poultry, the teamsters and horse-dealers, who thronged the market-place on Tuesdays and Fridays. To look one moment at the stage, and, the next, to see the corn waving at your feet, is a rare experience. The distinguished amateurs with whom Henri was acting had many friends who came from London, and the country-houses for miles round made up parties. Westingham resounded with the clatter of wheels, sparkled in the glow of carriage-lamps, and shone with the glory of grand dresses. The house, to quote the local Ruskin, was "a galaxy of loveliness and a constellation of respectability." The large proscenium box on the grand tier was filled by the Miss Gardiners and two gentlemen, the box facing them by Mr. Anthony Brice, the most famous among the *cognoscenti* of acting, and by Harcourt Sparling, the London theatrical manager. Anthony Brice was an elderly gentleman who had seen and known two generations of actors, and was convinced that no one could act now, and that no one could judge of acting. As a great favour, he had come to see a young relative play the Duke of Aranza in "*The Honeymoon*."

"When's the next train to town, Sparling?" he asked at the end of the first act. "The whole lot are hopelessly bad, and Mr. Brice-Henderson is the worst. Act! What Brice could act? The name they've tacked on won't make 'em act like Henderson, if they ever heard of him."

"The Volante, Miss Gardiner," Sparling began.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AND HER LOVER IN "THE TERMAGANT," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

"Volante!" exclaimed Mr. Brice. "I saw Mellon. My dear Sparling, find out the next train, and let us go, or I shall be bored."

Sparling's first aim in life was to prevent his patron from being bored, and he hurried off.

"No train for nearly an hour," he reported.

"The Honeymoon," by amateurs," growled Mr. Brice, as the curtain went up.

The performance brightened considerably. In the first act everyone had been nervous. Mr. Brice-Henderson made them worse by saying that the great connoisseur, Mr. Anthony Brice, had brought Sparling, the manager, down to see him. The younger Mr. Brice had then and there decided to go on the stage. Henri, confident to the last moment, had lost all nerve directly she went on. Her own voice, at its worst, resounded flatly in her ears; a line of flame dazzled her eyes, and indistinct, unresponsive faces mocked her. She saw her aunts as in a vision, not glorified; she was going to fall, and had but one idea—to get off the stage. Her hand shook uncontrollably as the Duke led her off.

"You've got stage-fright, Miss Gardiner," said the prompter kindly. "I was wondering who'd have it. Here, boy, run over to the chemist and bring threepenn'orth of essence of lavender and take it to this lady, No. 3 room. Not so fast with them chairs—they'll wait!" he shouted to the stage-men. Henri had scarcely reached her room when Miss Jane entered.

"Dear, how sweet you looked, how well you spoke!" Thomas White, the grocer's boy, says they heard you in the very last row in the gallery. I gave him a ticket, and he reports at the end of each act. But your Aunt Mary doesn't know. You were the best of all, Henri."

If Miss Jane had been capable of insincerity, Henri would have been vexed; but she knew that her aunt was truth personified, but she knew also that Miss Jane was quite ignorant in all things of the theatre. She knew, of course, that none of her aunts liked her to act, and saw how much love and courage and goodness Miss Jane's action concealed.

"How good and kind you are to me, Aunt Jeannette!" she said, taking her aunt's hand. "Am I wilful and unkind? Don't think that. I can't help it; I feel I must act. At least, I did."

The boy came with the sedative, which, after drinking some herself to ensure two deaths, if it were poison, Miss Jane allowed Henri to take.

By the time she had to go on, Henri had recovered. At her "What is your pleasure?" Mr. Brice woke up. Through the scenes with the disguised Count and with her father, he watched her as if she were some new, strange creature. Though Henri's gaiety and ease in the Portrait Scene charmed the audience into good humour and repeated applause, Mr. Brice neither smiled nor applauded. He followed every gesture, every movement, every variation of expression, and every intonation. After her exit he withdrew to the back of the box, took an armchair, put his feet on another, and sat with closed eyes and upturned face, recalling Henri's beauty, actions, and voice. Sparling had seen him do this kind of thing before.

"What's the name in the bill?" Brice asked at the end of the act.

"Henriette Gardiner."

"Ever hear of Henriette Lesueur, Sparling? No? Of course not. Precious surprised if you had! This is her daughter. She is taller and finer and has more breed, and perhaps her mother's genius too. Lesueur was a genius. No one ever had so much grace, charm, comedy, emotion, and character all at once! A woman to know. How she could talk! Cut you like a knife with the best air in the world and set the whole room laughing at you—Toby Thelussou remembers to this day. Lovable, too, I heard. She disappeared after her marriage—went to America, I think."

"This girl has talent."

"Has talent! Good God, Sparling! Can't you see she's a born comedy actress? In three years London will be at her feet. You will secure her to-night on her own terms. You can count upon me. Send her at once to Davis at Bristol; a season there and one in Manchester or Edinburgh will make her fit for town, and then you'll learn what the acting of comedy is. Report to me to-morrow. Tell my nephew to stick to his foxes," said Mr. Brice, as he waited in Westingham High Street for a cab.

"Get her, Sparling; for Heaven's sake, get her!" he whispered earnestly. "A genius, Sparling! I know what I'm saying—no one better. She must be got. Why, Sparling, a comedy actress like Lesueur is rarer than a Grisi, and a much finer thing than any mere voice! Meet me at the Club to-morrow at three."

The cab rattled over the stones, and Sparling returned to the theatre, anxious to carry out his patron's orders. Through Mr. Brice-Henderson he was introduced to Henri, and through her to the Miss Gardiners, and through them learnt that she had not avowed any intention of going on the stage, and, further, from Miss Mary Gardiner, that, if the question arose, her niece would be left entirely free to decide for herself.

"We have—perhaps I should say, we had—no reason to expect the occasion to occur," declared Miss Gardiner; "but I can assure you that it would be against our—or my—principles to influence my niece on a matter so personal and intimate. No one, not even a parent, has the right to influence in cases where the individual's happiness is at stake."

Mr. Sparling thought it only respectful to write to the elder ladies at the same time that he conveyed the offer suggested by Mr. Brice to Henri. He sent both letters by messenger the next morning, and announced his willingness to wait upon Miss Henriette Gardiner for her decision at as early a date as convenient to her.

The letter was brought to Henri in the garden. She was radiant with its promise when Miss Jane came to her.

"Mary thinks—we all think—you should know all the facts, and has asked me to give you these letters and papers," said Miss Jane very firmly. "I take it upon myself to tell you, dear, that, however you decide, we shall be, in all respects, in every way, the same to you. It will make no difference in our love for you or in our care for your happiness and comfort," she added, not at all firmly.

"Dear Aunt Jeannette, thank them for me. I can thank you myself," said Henri, putting the papers down quickly, and clasping Miss Jane in her arms, as she did when she was an impetuous child.

"You will not let me influence you?" said Miss Jane fearfully, as she turned away. Henri shook her head as she took up the papers. They were few and brief: A paragraph from a newspaper announced the marriage of Captain Leonard Gardiner to Mdlle. Henriette Lesueur, of the leading provincial theatres and of Covent Garden. A law report stated barely that Captain Gardiner had been granted a divorce from his wife, and gave the reasons. A French paper was at some pains to show that Captain Leonard Gardinière (thus) died from natural causes. An underlined passage in a recent letter from America referred to "H." as still living and acting.

They told the whole story. Henri saw it all. The sensitive, loving man, her father; the witching, disloyal woman, her mother. She shuddered, thinking of it, of what it meant to the sweet and righteous women who came of an honourable family, who had loved her father so much that they had taken the daughter of Henriette Lesueur to their hearts, and made her happy, good, and true.

She caught sight of Sparling's letter, and the blood of the actress leapt in her veins. The vision of triumph, of fame, and of admiration came to her. She saw herself admired, envied, courted, worshipped. Love besought her, command and rule fell to her. It is a vision to test the soul; but there is a harder test, which Henri had to endure, and that is the cry of a faculty demanding its rights. Henri felt, knew, now that she could act. She had been sure of it in the Portrait Scene the night before. Now she saw what it was to act, and, as she looked straight at this power of hers, her heart throbbed with joy. For a day and a night she lived in passionate ecstasy, tasting the sharpest of all pleasures, the artist's joy in his art. The next day she wrote to Mr. Sparling declining his offer. If her aunts had known how Henri suffered, they would have begged her to follow her nature; but they never knew. Mr. Anthony Brice's story of the greatest actress he had ever seen—"an amateur, egad!"—was long a standing instance of senile infatuation. But the old connoisseur had reason on his side.

THE LONDON PAVILION.

The account of the original "London Pavilion" which appeared in *The Sketch* recently was not quite correct. The London Pavilion, like the Oxford, was built upon the site of an old coaching-yard, from which stage-coaches started to the West of England. The original building, as you say, was somewhat rough, and at the end, facing the stage, the remains of the old inn were left, the ground floor being turned into a bar, and the upper rooms being used as private boxes. The two proprietors were Germans, Messrs. Loibl and Sonnheimar, and they were masters of the catering business. I was present on the opening night, in 1860; or thereabouts, with Albert Smith and the late Mr. J. M. Levey, one of the chief proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. We had to stand in the middle of the vast crowd in the centre of the hall, as the seating arrangements were not half completed. Mr. Loibl eventually bought out his partner, and carried on the business successfully for seventeen or eighteen years. It was at this hall that Mr. Hunt's famous Jingo song, "We don't want to fight," was first sung.

When the late Metropolitan Board of Works first conceived the idea of making the new thoroughfare eventually called Shaftesbury Avenue, they "scheduled" the London Pavilion, and Mr. Loibl asked £150,000 for his property. The claim went before the Official Arbitrator, and, as a well-known expert in such matters, I acted for Mr. Loibl, as I had previously acted in similar cases for the Metropolitan Board of Works. I examined the old London Pavilion books, and was able to certify that the net profits for seventeen years had averaged about £17,000 a-year.

The award was £110,000. The Metropolitan Board of Works thought they would begin the new street in less than six months, and, in the meantime, as Mr. Loibl refused to have anything more to do with the "Pav.," as it was called, they accepted Mr. Edwin Villiers' offer to take it as a weekly tenant, paying, I think, £120 a-week every Monday morning. Mr. Villiers went into the hall, expecting to stay much longer than his parochial landlords thought, but never dreaming that he would be there for something like seven years. Long before the end of his hand-to-mouth tenancy, he acquired an adjoining hall, known as Dr. Kahn's Museum, an anatomical side-show which was not considered an improvement to Piccadilly Circus. This hall had been previously used by several distinguished showmen, Mr. Robin, the celebrated French conjurer, and Mr. Woodin with his "Carpet-bag and Sketch-Book." The island of houses was then standing in the centre of the Circus, the Criterion was not built, nor even thought of, and narrow Tichborne Street contained the old London Pavilion, and the tavern kept by Owen Swift, the prize-fighter. London was much the same then as it is now, but our licensing laws then were more sensible. The "Bogus Club" had not then been invented—there was no necessity for it—and scenes that are better exhibited indoors than out were able legally to hide themselves under cover, and not come into the open to disgrace the public highways.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

A PEEP AT SOUTHDOWN SHEEP.

Truly may we be said to libel the lower animals by dubbing a man "sheepish," for in the eyes of many a flock of sheep is invested with a world of interest and beauty. The works of Sidney Cooper and many other



A FAVOURITE RAM.

artists serve to remind us what picturesque objects they make in a landscape. In the present paper some facts are given concerning one of the most popular breeds of English sheep, "famed for the beauty of their character"—the Southdowns. For most of the information I am indebted to Mr. J. A. Hempson, who is an expert in this subject. His own farm is most prettily situated at Erwarton Hall, about eight miles from Ipswich, an old-fashioned Elizabethan mansion with a beautiful Jacobean gateway, the property of Mr. C. H. Berners, Woolverstone Park, who is also the happy possessor of a flock of Southdowns.

Mr. Hempson is, indeed, well qualified to speak on this matter, as he can draw upon a personal experience of more than fifty years. He has frequently acted as judge at many of the most important shows—the Royal Agricultural, the Royal Counties, the Bath and West of England, and others. Formerly there were two clubs for breeders of this class of sheep, but an amalgamation has been effected during the last two years, under the name of the Southdown Sheep Society, which now brings together all the principal supporters, and publishes a Flock-Book annually. In these negotiations Mr. Hempson played a prominent part, serving on the Executive Committee from the outset, and being now a member of the Council.

By some of the fortunate breeders large sums may be obtained in prizes. Mr. Edwin Ellis, Summersby Hall, Shalford, states that he has taken over £3000 in prizes since the year 1887. Mr. Hempson, however, does not exhibit at shows, as his flock, usually containing about 350 ewes, is kept purely for business purposes.

"I may claim," he said, "to be something of a pioneer, for, from the earliest days, when I started my flock in 1844 (registration being then little thought of); I can show from a private flock-book, regularly kept to the present date, which rams were used each year, and how many lambs were reared, with the number of breeding ewes lost."



A GOOD FLOCK OF SOUTHDOWNS.

From Photographs by A. Kelly.

"Who are some of the principal flock-masters at the present time?"

"Southdowns are extremely popular among the nobility. The Prince of Wales has an excellent flock at Sandringham, and takes great interest in it. His Royal Highness has captured many prizes, and I have had to judge his sheep on several occasions, at the Royal and other shows, where he has taken his chance with all-comers. Earl Bathurst is Chairman of our Society, and has over five hundred ewes. The Duke of Hamilton, Easton Park, who died three years ago, had a good flock, which was sold off in 1897 by Messrs. J. Thornton and Co., under the direction of the trustees; I had the honour of presiding at the luncheon on that occasion. The flock was small in number, but of high character. The Duke of Richmond has a large flock of Southdowns, at Goodwood, which is of very old standing, and has on many occasions taken prizes at the Royal Show, and also at the Smithfield Fat Stock Show. Among others, I might mention the Duke of Northumberland, Albury, Guildford; Lord Alington, Criche, Wimborne, Dorset; the Duke of Bedford, Woburn Abbey; Captain the Hon. T. S. Brand, Glynde, Lewes, who has over 600 ewes; the Earl of Haddington, Tynningham, Preston-kirk; Mr. Herbert Padwick, Thorney Island, Emsworth, a flock formed in 1820, containing about 780 ewes. One of the largest flocks belongs to the Pagham Harbour Company, Selsey; in this there are more than 1000 ewes. There is also the Duke of Portland, and a well-known supporter, Mr. Henry Webb, Streetly Hall, Linton, who has all through life followed in the steps of his father, the celebrated Jonas Webb, of Babraham, Cambridgeshire. If you ask for any 'flock-mistresses,' I might mention the Duchess of Newcastle, Clumber Park, where Southdowns have been kept for generations; Madame de Falbe, Luton Hoo; and Mrs. Perkins, Saham Hall."

"Would you describe some of the chief points in the history of the Southdown sheep?"

"They are one of the oldest pure breeds in England, though some Scotch breeds of mountain-sheep may be older. In some notes collected by the late Mr. John Ellman, of Glynde, it is stated that about two hundred years ago sundry flocks of sheep, feeding on the Sussex Downs,



A SUNNY ROAD.

were annihilated by the disease called small-pox, which was imported about that time from Holland. Arthur Young, in speaking of the Southdown sheep in 1788, much admired their hardy constitution, and the extremely fine

flavour of the mutton produced from the Downs. Mutton has been said to be the choicest dainty that the epicure can desire, and one need not be a connoisseur to distinguish between Southdown and the *tallowy* quality of some other breeds. Mr. Ellman quotes the statement of a great London butcher that, when he had sold the haunches of a Leicester sheep, three-fourths of the carcase were put into the tallow-tub, but that every inch of some Southdown sheep could be sold for the best quality. In Brighton, I suppose, no one would dream of selling any other class of English mutton.

"Thus these sheep are natives of the Sussex Downs, and have been known for generations. In East Anglia they are not very generally kept. In Suffolk, for example, there is at present a great 'boom' in favour of Suffolk sheep, which somewhat resemble the Hampshire; but I shall always keep true to my old love, the Southdowns. If you attend Lewes Fair, you may see twenty thousand sheep, all belonging to this breed, not a single one of any other kind being observable. It is a very pretty sight to see the shepherds all bringing in their flocks, armed with their crooks, some with a cosy sheepskin slung over their shoulders. For a considerable distance the flocks are a conspicuous

object as they are brought down to a stream to be watered or driven into a fold near the Downs."

Here is how the "Flock-Book" distinguishes a good Southdown—

In a good Southdown we look for a head wide and level between the ears; eyes large, bright, and prominent; ears of medium size, covered with short wool; face full, not too long from eyes to nose, and of one even mouse-colour, not approaching black nor speckled with white; shoulders well put in, the top level with the back; chest wide and deep; back level, with wide and flat loin, the whole covered with firm flesh; tail large, and set on almost level with the chine; thighs full, well let down, with deep, wide twist, ensuring a good leg of mutton; legs a mouse-colour, and "outside the body," the whole of which should be covered with a fine, close, and even fleece down to the hocks and knees and right up to the cheeks, but there should be no wool round the eyes or across the bridge of the nose; the skin should be of a delicate and bright pink, *the carriage gentlemanly, and the walk that of a thoroughbred.*

The hardy constitution, the adaptability to almost any climate, the habit of thriving on bare pasture, the generous return for good feeding, the comparative immunity from foot-rot, and less liability to "fly" (from the density of its fleece), the general aptitude to improve other breeds by crossing, the beauty of character, the fine quality of mutton, and the excellence of its wool, only require to become known to be thoroughly appreciated by home and foreign flock-owners.

"What is there to be said," I asked Mr. Hemipson, "about the registration of the sheep?"

"The system is now so completely carried out that the pedigree of a sheep can be traced as easily as that of any noble family. The ewes may be registered as well as the rams. In some flocks each sheep is tattooed on the left ear with the trade-mark of the Southdown Sheep Society, the services of the Society's own tattooer being always employed for this purpose, while on the right ear the sheep may bear the private trade-mark of the owner. By referring to these numbers the history of each sheep can be learnt. Such a complete system of registration, however, is not thought by practical men to be necessary in order to ensure the identification of an animal to the extent usually required, and in large flocks like those of Southdowns in Sussex, very many of them between five hundred and a thousand sheep, it is too arduous a task to be undertaken."

"Are the Southdowns exported to any great extent?" I inquired.

"They have not, perhaps, in South America found the same favour accorded to some other breeds, but I have frequently sent them to France, Germany, Canada, and Sweden. They are known also in many other parts of Europe, and, in spite of these varieties of climate, it is surprising how well they have stood the great changes of heat and cold. In regard to exportation, I may mention the following benefit derived by the English farmer from rearing pure breeds of sheep. The United States import duties are very heavy, but for registered animals of all kinds they are remitted. I think the Continental nations charge no import duties."

"Do you remember any high prices paid for this class of sheep?"

"They have not made the extraordinary sums lately recorded of some other breeds, but as much as 210 guineas has been paid for a ram. I was present at Mr. Henry Webb's sale in 1889, when the Duke of Richmond, bidding in person, gave this high price for the ram Cambridgeshire (Ear No. 118). At the same sale, Mr. Ellis gave 140 guineas for a ram, and Mr. Murietta 150 guineas, while Mr. H. Brassey paid 190 guineas for a fine specimen."

ARTHUR KELLY.

MR. MURRAY GILCHRIST'S "RUE BARGAIN."*

"In these days," says one of the characters in Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin," "success means not so much painting fine pictures as building fine houses to paint in." And in literature, too, the writer who is accounted most successful is the man or woman who is paid the biggest price per page. Victor Hugo summed the whole thing up long ago when he said that success, considered merely in the sense of getting on, and apart from merit, was a hateful word. As compared with certain "popular" authors who could be mentioned, Mr. Murray Gilchrist may not be a success, though his public is an appreciative and an increasing one. But, if it be true that "the thing done suffices," if to have painted a fine picture or to have written a fine book be success, then he is to be heartily congratulated by his brethren in the craft of letters.

His earlier work was not free from affectation. In "The Stone

Dragon," for instance, his hatred of the obvious and the commonplace led him to strain originality to the point of grotesqueness. One could not but admire the art of the stories, yet, on the other hand, could not quite lose sight of the fact that they were occasionally self-conscious and artificial. But, underneath this artificiality there glowed always the fire of intense passion. Passion and art are, indeed, the two supreme qualities of Mr. Gilchrist's work. His figures are cast in the rough, from red-hot and molten metal, after which—when the glowing mass has solidified and cooled—comes the patient work of chisel and file. "The Rue Bargain," his latest volume, published recently by Mr. Grant Richards, is a study in passion. Pleasant it certainly is not, for it is a story of a love which is at once sordid and superb. To apply two such widely differing words as "sordid" and "superb" to one and the same passion may sound paradoxical to those who have not read the book. Yet, sordid and shameful as is Maria's passion for her cousin's husband, she compels our admiration and sympathy in spite of ourselves. In the great scene, when she throws herself between her guilty lover and the gun, scorning him all the time for the cowardice which is content to shelter itself behind a woman's petticoat, and yet, with a woman's

perverseness, loving him even for the very pusillanimity—one hardly knows whether to hate or to admire her most. In the earlier stages of the story, the chances are you will find yourself wishing to take her—woman though she is—by the throat and throttle the false life out of her. In the closing scenes you will probably relent and say, "No; let her go. She is so weak and yet so strong, so selfish and yet so splendid; so human, in spite of her shame." But, whatever your feeling about her, one thing you cannot be, and that is indifferent. This is true of the book as a whole. Many readers may dislike it, or, at all events, its subject. It is not a pleasant story, nor, for the matter of that, are some of Mr. Hardy's, with whom—especially in accuracy of observation, fidelity to life, and distinction of style—Mr. Gilchrist has much in common. But that anyone, whether liking or disliking it, can read it unmoved is difficult to realise. Outside the circle of first-rank novelists, nothing quite so fine, so strong, or so true has appeared for a long time.

COULSON KERNAHAN.



MISS NANCY GIRLING, NOW ON TOUR WITH "THE RUNAWAY GIRL."

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

* "The Rue Bargain."—By R. Murray Gilchrist. London: Grant Richards.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, April 12, 7.49; Thursday, 7.51; Friday, 7.52; Saturday, 7.54; Sunday, 7.56; Monday, 7.58; Tuesday, 7.59.

So there is to be another cycling boom! Two letters from Coventry lie before me, and from them it looks almost as though the rush for new bicycles is nearly as great as two years ago. Well, I'm glad for the manufacturers. They certainly have had a black time of it. But, whilst last year they couldn't get people to buy machines, this year they can't make them fast enough. There's no keeping up with the orders. In some of the factories the men have been working night and day for three days at a stretch. They were hard at work on Good Friday, and wages were increased to men who would work on Easter Monday. On the whole, machines are this year better-made than last year, but the average price is £2 or £3 less. The boom seems chiefly in ladies' wheels. At least four times as many bicycles for women are on order as for men. Of course, it mustn't be expected there is going to be the mad enthusiasm of a couple of years ago. But, still, there is enthusiasm, and the grey hairs of the manufacturers are disappearing.

If ladies were really the timorous creatures they are sometimes said to be, they would fight shy of cycling as they would of pitch. We all know how chary they were in taking up the pastime. Don't we all recall the ladies who sniffed at "those forward minxes" who were the first to bicycle? With nicely tilted nose, it was declared to be "so unlady-like!" But now, what a change! The girl who doesn't cycle is regarded as a sentimental, nervous damsel—indeed, a very tame sort of bird. We don't hear any more about the "unladylike" cyclists. So, when I see young ladies shudder at the possibility of short skirts, and even "rational" costumes, I try to be wise from experience. If only one of our Princesses took to "rationals" or short skirts, what an alteration there would be! How the present-day shudders would protest against those nasty, floppy gowns that are always catching the pedal or in the wheel! So, ladies, please don't protest too much.

However, I do greatly admire the courage of the lady cyclist. Dear old Mrs. Lynn Linton used to get decorously wrath against the unfeminine females, but that didn't alter the love of cycling. Now, in this month's *Nineteenth Century* there is a fearful onslaught upon the athletic woman by Dr. Arabella Kenealy. Muscular vigour, she says, is no test of masculine health, and therefore she doesn't like womanly health to be judged by what she calls "the standard of mere motor capability." And, of course, the lady cyclist is less womanly than if she weren't a cyclist. The voice of the biking lady is now louder, and her tones assertive; she says everything, leaves nothing to the imagination; the subtle suggestion of the force is gone. Of course, says Dr. Kenealy, the old system for girls of air and exercise inadequate to development and health was wrong. "But I am inclined to doubt if it really was so pernicious in its physiological results or so subversive of domestic happiness and the welfare of the race as is the present system, which sets our mothers bicycling all day and dancing all night, and our grandmothers playing golf." Really, Dr. Kenealy's grandmother must be spoken to; and as for Dr. Kenealy's mother, she must be of really fine physique to "bicycle all day and dance all night." I've never known any other mother do it.

Dr. Arabella Kenealy soars into a screech when she points to the results of the heinous bicycle. Last week a learned man doctor was telling the world that cycling was making quadrupeds of us all. Now this lady doctor shows how it's smashing up the happy home—

More and more every year, discarding the duties Nature planned for her employment and delight, woman cries out that life is dull and empty. She no longer preserves and brews. She no longer weaves and fashions. Her children are nursed, fed, clothed, taught, and trained by hirelings; her sick are tended by the professional nurse, her guests are entertained by paid performers. What truly remain which may be called her duties?

Now I would like to see the beer that Dr. Kenealy brews, the preserves she makes, and the cloth she weaves. I should think she must entertain

her guests by showing them photographs of her deceased relatives. I've met people like that.

Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son send me a dainty illustrated programme of their cycling tours in Normandy, Brittany, and Switzerland for the approaching season, which opens with a fortnight's tour for ten guineas on May 20. A glance at the distances traversed day by day shows that the rides have been carefully planned for enjoyment, affording ample time for the inspection of all that is worthy of note *en route*. Special provision is made for lady cyclists, who are invited to join these parties, which are under the personal escort of an experienced rider, a graduate of Oxford University. The special Four Guinea Bank Holiday Tours mentioned in the programme should become exceedingly popular.

The *Quiver* for April contains a picture of a neat and commodious Temperance Club House which the Rev. W. E. Bolland, M.A., and some friends wish to establish in the Northumbrian village of Embleton. In driving or cycling towards this place along the coast from Alnmouth, one passes through the pretty village of Lesbury, and, after Long Houghton, through the park of Howick Hall, the seat of Earl Grey. A succession of fine lanes brings one to the village of Embleton, the birthplace of Mr. W. T. Stead. The house is a plain two-storey cottage at the corner of the main street, with garden attached. Mr. Stead has

shown that he has not forgotten his native place by sending on a selection of his various publications for the village library. The Church of the Holy Trinity here is under the patronage of Merton College, Oxford. There is an old peel-tower attached to the vicarage. Parker, a cousin of Steele the essayist, was vicar here in Queen Anne's time, and contributed a letter to No. 474 of the *Spectator* describing the boisterous North Country gentlemen by whom he was surrounded. The Rev. Mandell Creighton, now Bishop of London, was vicar here from 1875 to 1884. What a contrast, this pleasant vicarage, these green lanes, to the roar of London! One gets a glimpse of the ruins of Dunstanburgh Castle as one makes his way to Bamburgh. This castle, according to Mr. Freeman, "surpasses all other Northumbrian castles in the grandeur of its site, and it alone abides as a castle should abide in all the majesty of a shattered pile."

Generally speaking, the roads were in excellent condition during Easter week, notwithstanding the occasional rain. No complaints have reached me about unsatisfactory roads. But I have had one or two complaints from tourists who have been unable to get tea and bread-and-butter at inns. They want to know whether a landlord is obliged to supply such food. Of course he is. Though I am not a teetotaler, I don't drink spirits when I'm riding, because it knocks the wind out of one; and I don't drink beer, because it makes me unduly perspire. I drink tea. If I pull up at an inn where the landlord wants to sell only alcohol, and kicks

up a rumpus about providing tea, I just let him kick, but say I want tea. A threat to write to the magistrates will usually bring such a landlord to his senses. Of course, Boniface tries to secure revenge by making you wait an interminable time, then serve you badly and charge you extortionately. I had such an experience last week. I was kept an hour waiting for a cup of tea and some bread-and-butter. Then I was presented with a bill for half-a-crown. I refused to pay, put 1s. 6d. on the table, and said that was sufficient. The landlord blustered, and threatened to have me arrested. I gave him my card, and said it would be much better if he summonsed me. The summons has not yet arrived. Now, if all tea-drinking cyclists would insist on having tea and no other, and see that they got it, it would be an immense benefit, and all the trouble would end in a month. It's not pleasant having beer forced on you when you don't want it.

The cyclist corps of the 26th Middlesex have now a motor-cycle gun-carriage. It is a tricycle with a Maxim-gun affixed in such a way that it can be unlimbered and placed in position almost instantly. The entire weight is 140 lb. A team of eight cyclists accompanies the gun, and each man, in addition to the regulation accoutrements, carries a box containing two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition. Four of the cycles can be coupled to the gun-carriage in case of accident. J. F. F.



[Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.]

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

Seeing that she makes such a pretty boy in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," one would expect to find her cycling in "rationals."

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Epsom Spring Meeting is always a big draw, and I expect to see a record crowd on the famous Downs next week. True, the publicans do not drive down in such numbers as they did a decade back to see the race for the Great Metropolitan. All the same, they continue to take the liveliest interest in this particular item on the first day's programme.



LORD DURHAM'S TOPHET, WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

The race this year will be worth seeing, as a number of our best long-distance horses are engaged. I think St. Bris and South Australian will run well. Some speculation has taken place over the City and Suburban, but very little betting of a reliable character will be forthcoming before the day of the race. Newhaven II. is fancied by the Newmarket touts, but I like Wild Irishman best of the horses trained at headquarters. However, I think the race will be won by a country-trained animal, either St. David II. or Winsome Charteris.

I am told that the members of Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange do a lot of gambling over racing, and the City sports are very lucky too. The majority of them found General Peace for the Lincoln and Manifesto for the Grand National, and they followed their successes up by plunging on Hawfinch for the London Cup at Alexandra Park. I am pleased to see that the City has given us some useful recruits for racing under National Hunt Rules in Mr. Bulteel and Mr. Bottomley, while the owner of Kilkerran, Lord Charles Montague, is a well-known member of the House. The City men believe in big figures, and when they want a good horse they do not hesitate over the matter of price. I had forgotten to note that Sir P. Nickalls had registered his colours, and I hope he will win some more jumping races.

A meeting has been fixed to take place at Portsmouth Park on the 25th and 26th, under National Hunt Rules. I hope this meeting will succeed, and I am certain, if it were well managed, it could be made to pay. I ran a horse over the course myself on the same day that Victor Wild won a selling race and was bought for something under 300 sovs., and I have ever since regretted that I did not go one better than the gentleman who bought him. The course, I may add, was badly laid in the first place, but it is all right now, and all that is wanted to make the arrangements perfect is for the railway people to allow a bridge for road traffic to be built over their line. The accommodation for train-travellers is on a par with that at Gatwick. You simply get out of the railway-carriage and enter the rings. I hope the meeting will "boom," as it is situated in a sporting district.

I am told, on fairly good authority, that some of the professional plungers succeed on the Turf simply because they know all the triers in each race. It seems they pay well for their information, and, having got it, they are able to back all the horses that are trying to win at a profit, and it may be that they also make a bit out of laying those that are not "on the job." Of course, those persons not initiated in the arts and devices of the racecourse might reasonably ask how the information is to be got. That is a question I cannot answer; but one thing I do know, that certain plungers who are termed good judges are never lumbered on to non-triers. Their advance-agents are seldom at fault, and they certainly earn their fees, which, as I said before, are very large.

Holocauste has been beaten in a race in France, but the colt is nothing like fit yet, and he will be much better when he goes to Epsom to run in the Derby. Birkenhead has, I hear from Beckhampton, been on the easy list owing to sore shins, but I believe he will run well in the Derby, for which race he is a great tip among the big professional backers.

Sloan has been riding Caiman at exercise, and it is considered at Newmarket that the American jockey has only to sit still on this colt to win the Guineas. Of the Kingsclere three-year-olds engaged in the classic events, Flying Fox and Royal Emblem are both doing well. I fancy the latter will carry some of Lord Alington's money when he starts, and his lordship's son, the Hon. H. H. Sturt, who is a frequent follower of the meetings, will, I expect, have a plunge on this colt, who may be another Common for all we know.

Sloan is now getting into form, and he should pay for following at the Newmarket and Epsom meetings. He was very much off colour on his arrival in England, and the cold snap that we experienced during the first week of the flat-racing season affected him very much. Now, however, he is looking better than I ever saw him look, and I am sure he will run up a big sequence of winning mounts before many weeks have passed. I think it was a good thing for English racing when Sloan decided to first pay us a visit. His style has been copied by many of our jockeys who did not know how to ride before they saw the American performing so successfully in the saddle. Sloan rides to win, and he is not to be bought. Further, he tries to make winning a certainty, and he does not believe in attempting to snatch a verdict on the post by a short-head. He waits in front when possible, and he always goes the shortest way home. In fact, he is better than the late Fred Archer ever was at cutting off the corners.

Do heavy speculators get prematurely old in appearance? I noticed at a certain meeting that Sir George Chetwynd and Lord Lurgan were looking older than they did a few years back, yet they carried their ages well. Mr. C. Hannam, the big professional backer, has not aged a bit in appearance during the last ten years. Neither have Mr. Hobson, Mr. H. Heasman, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. A. Spalding, Mr. C. Sheppard, nor Mr. C. Mills, all big speculators. As for the bookmakers, they can justly be termed evergreens, as they have not turned a hair during the last decade. But when you come to the poor members of the Fourth Estate, you will not look in vain for silver locks, and the moral of it all is this—at least, I take it to be: You may lay 'em or you may back 'em, but you should not write about 'em. What says Mr. John Corlett?—CAPTAIN COE.

The *Golfer's Magazine* continues to be capitally done. The current number deals, among other things, with the Ganton links, the Cork Club, the new green at Prestwick, &c.

Following the success of the *Times* with the reprint of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," J. W. Benson, Limited, have decided to adopt the same novel plan, and to accept twenty monthly payments on the same principle for goods selected this year of the value of £20 and upwards. It will be noted that the *Times*' List of Purchasers contains many names of the highest in the land.

Why is a Jack Tar not allowed to eat mutton, even when in port and it can be easily obtained? Probably the Admiralty could not answer the question, but they are going to do better than this. They have had mutton served to a number of ships, to relieve the monotony of beef and



A FIRST-PRIZE BORDER LEICESTER RAM, BELONGING TO MR. A. J. BALFOUR.

pork, and, the experiment having proved a success, the reform will be extended to all ships when in a port where mutton can be easily obtained. Jack's masters at Whitehall are very conservative. It is only quite recently that he has been given salt. Piece by piece, however, the old anachronisms are disappearing.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

"Take a pair of sparkling eyes," quoth the jingler of rhymes, and, as a starting-point, the ingredient is certainly one to be commended. But there are so many other items necessary to the making-up of the ideal Golden Girl that following her quest seems one "of a certain deeficulty." As a matter of fact, the Perfect Woman is not; and if she were, what a



A NOVELTY FOR THE SPRING.

bore she would be! The very essence of manly appreciation is linked to that superb yet fond condescension with which, in spite of her faults—"all" her faults, was it not?—the versifier still "loved England." We, therefore, must be taken as we are, sparkling eyes or dull, pale cheeks or rosy, with our various imperfections on our head—and, notwithstanding them, the woman who has not found someone to yearn over her for her own very sake must be a very exceptional or transcendental production indeed. I think that, on the whole, women do not so inevitably require the long list of physical perfections nowadays, as per Savoy recipe, that were more or less a necessity in times when the accepted externals of fashion were all against us. We have escaped the period of cloth boots, white stockings, crinolines, hair dragged tightly back off our noble or ignoble frontal conformation, and the rest of a hideous early Victorian régime—at all points, the most tasteless epoch in woman's history. Instead, we find ourselves with an array of acquirable arts, which, added to our own possessions, may make a very good cause with that "pleasing appearance" which the great Elizabethan justly lays down as a first letter of recommendation. Men, luckily for themselves, are greatly independent of the fatal gift. Given a decent pair of shoulders, an unexceptionable tailor with which to fit them, and even an ugly son of Adam may wreak havoc in his generation. But lovely woman must not fail to be lovely. If she does, the penalty is great, and few things are left her beyond slumming in Whitechapel, or shrieking on platforms, the

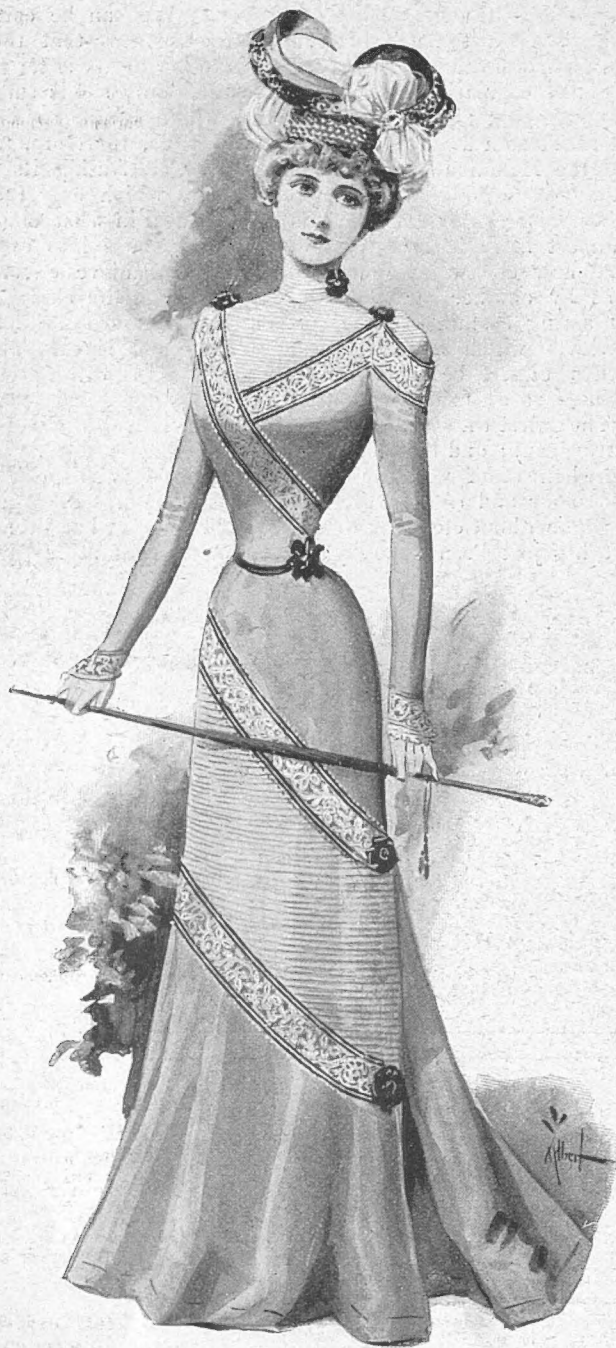
first being exceedingly praiseworthy, and the latter exceedingly futile. Meanwhile, great things are done by the dressmakers nowadays, and other professors of the gentle art of beauty. We can be coiffed and hatted and frocked to such perfection of smartness that the well-appointed plain woman may almost stand up to her pretty sister and run the gauntlet of comparison with ease, provided only she is sufficiently equipped with that eighth sense of style which counts so much in the modern standard. It apparently behoves us, therefore, to make friends of the Mammon of the mode, and, by cultivating its canons, acquire that sway over admiring contemporaries which only the smart woman can really arrogate. There is a great deal in what one wears; there is almost more in how it is worn, and it comes into everyone's experience how one woman on £50 a-year can achieve effects never arrived at by another with £500. All the requisite characteristics of smart spring costume at the present moment are the long and clinging skirts, which weekly grow more long and sheath-like. Not plain skirts either, be it understood, for those with pretensions to dressiness are usually treated to trimmings and flouncings below. The palest tints are the most modish, while also, of course, the more extravagant; and the plain cloths or cashmeres are really very seductive when set off with the richly embroidered bolero which gives so much colour and *chic* to the whole. An ivory-tinted cloth fitting over the hips without crease or wrinkle, as if its wearer had been poured in almost, has just been done by Ernest for a client at Monte Carlo.



A VISITING TOILETTE.

Cloth applications form part of its trimming, these being in a pale putty-colour. Three flounces stitched to the skirt are neither hemmed nor piped. The bolero, of putty-coloured panne, has cloth applications; a kid belt buckled with dull gold secures the waist, and the hat of pink

and mauve tulle skilfully interwoven to go with it deserves a no less favourable judgment than the gown itself. Too much stress cannot be laid on the well-cut corset, which, at the moment, is the crux of all clothing. Petticoats modelled to the figure are also a *sine qua non*; the best French models are still of silk. Notwithstanding the various assertions



A CHIC DESIGN.

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of those who do not know, they nearly all own several pinked-out flounces of taffetas alternating with lace, and are well set out over the feet. This brings me to a word on boots, now more than ever an important and expensive item of our altogether. Patent leather with pointed toes look best for outdoor, black embroidered kid for indoors, while embroidered satin matching the frock is the correct matter of evening hours. Kid never looks so smart or fits the foot so becomingly as satin for *grand tenue*, but neither, of course, does it wear so well; as fragility seems a factor, however, in all matters of our present extravagant tastes, it follows that we should also take it *au pied de la lettre* here.

Miss Maude Millett, in transferring herself from Terry's to the Criterion, dresses her part of typewriter very prettily. Oliver Holmes is responsible for all the costumes, one of which is a black tulle and jet, worn in the first act, followed by a workmanlike brown cloth, with its neat muslin vest. Then there follows a dainty grey crêpe-de-Chine, and the cream muslin over pale green worn in the final act suits its pretty wearer's simple style very completely. Miss Mary Moore's frocks I have so far only heard of, but that they are very ineffable goes without any emphatic assertion, Mary Moore being one of those women who always dress suitably as well as smartly.

At a big ball given in Cairo last week, which practically finished the season there, one of the beauties wore a very smart arrangement in black and white, which had been sent out from the Rue de la Paix to honour the occasion. It was one of many white satins present, but had an up-to-date air which even the other recent purchases present did not quite encompass. The train measured two yards from the waist, and had a graduated flounce half-a-yard deep, which was veiled in diamond-sprinkled tulle. A black chenille fringe was arranged under a band of steel and paste embroidery at one side of the skirt, similar trimming

being repeated on bodice. Another gay gown worn at this function was all of white chiffon, with four ten-inch flounces, each embroidered and spangled with silver. The tunic, of palest green spotted with white chenille and spangled with silver, disclosed flounces rounded off smartly on each side. Epaulettes of embroidered satin matching the tunic marked our newest departure at the shoulders. The bodice, slightly pouched, had a falling frill of chiffon, and a bunch of scarlet hibiscus blossom was belted in at the waist. Miss Magniac, who has been one of the crack golfers at Biarritz this winter, got herself a very pretty frock of white cloth the other day. It has a double tunic edged with scalloped pink cloth flounces set off with fancy stitchings. The short-basqued bodice, fastened at one side, is similarly trimmed—a most alluring gown. Another afternoon-frock, in primavera green, set off with five horizontal tucks on the skirt, is one of the several spring dresses made by a New York modiste for Miss Harvey, sister of the wife of the late American Minister at Cairo. The bodice, opening over a white satin front, tricked out with black bébé-velvet, is very coy. The white yoke has crossed tucks, each one overlaid with steel beads.

Every woman who owns an incipient wrinkle is just now exercised about a beauty doctor who has come to town from a well-known capital (not Paris), and, by means of a certain astringent, claims to smooth (not tighten) the skin to a Ninon de L'Enclos freshness. He (it is a he) asserts that, in a word, he is the modern rejuvenator of the world; and proposes, with a parcel of hares'-feet, eyebrow-pencils, rake-combs, and the gods know what not besides, to set the clock so far back as to turn forty into twenty. It is not to be done, however, with all the skin-foods and cuticle-tighteners that ever were invented; and though, no doubt, each exploiter of the gentle art of beauty will still have his fond and infatuated audience, just as the veriest charlatan that ever read a palm may count on a credulous congregation, still the way of Old Time is through a pathway of wrinkles, and never did autocrat tread more heavily on his rights than he.

The Westward tendency of all things has in due season influenced even so conservative and deeply rooted a Strand-mark as Messrs. Sainsbury's shop, of lavender-water fame and other savoury recollections. The change to new quarters at 136, Regent Street, has been necessitated by the process of demolition which goes on so gaily throughout vanishing old London. It is not without regrets that we shall pass the spot where for nearly three-quarters of a century this well-known fountain-head of sweet waters has stood; but the Sainsbury *clientèle* will find in the new quarters at 136, Regent Street, all those traditions of excellence preserved which have always distinguished the Sainsbury productions.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

NELLIE.—Sorry my reply to you has had to lie over a week. The Parisian Diamond Company have the very thing you want. You will find it in their catalogue—the neck-slides too, of which they have some charming designs.

SYBIL.

A SILVER DINNER-SERVICE.

This week a really magnificent solid silver dinner-service for twenty-four persons, manufactured in Sheffield, is being shipped to Jeddah and thence to Mecca by the well-known firm of silversmiths, the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of Oxford Street and Fenchurch Street. There is a considerable mystery as to the identity of the purchaser, but, as every one of the articles is stamped with the Turkish Arms and bears the initials "O. G.," it is presumed to be a high Turkish official at Mecca, who has the intention of entertaining the Sultan on his forthcoming visit to the City of the Faithful. There are in the service ten dozen silver plates, twelve heavy silver meat-dishes and covers, eight entrée-dishes, vegetable-dishes, and revolving breakfast-dishes, salvers, asparagus-dishes, bread-baskets, menu-stands, flower-vases, cruetts, sauce-boats, ice-pails, and champagne-holders, which are all beautiful examples of the silversmith's art. There are about thirty-six dozen silver spoons;



the knives are silver-mounted, and all stamped with the Turkish Arms. In addition, there are eight heavy silver single candlesticks, two three-light and two five-light candelabra. All the glass—six wine-glasses of various kinds to each person—is exquisitely cut, and on each is engraved the Turkish Arms. Messrs. Clark have also supplied the table-linen, all of which has been manufactured in England. The largest table-cloths cost £10 each.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 25.

THE MONEY MARKET.

By the appearance of things, we may make up our minds that money is not likely to be very cheap for some time to come. The Bank Return shows that a large part of the late borrowings has been returned, but there remains a considerable amount still owing. The stock of gold is low, and the reserve by no means too big for the ordinary spring demands.

In America, no less than in Europe, rates for money are considerably higher than they were twelve months ago, and, if we look back to 1896, we find that the Bank is some £17,000,000 poorer in gold than it was in the summer of that year. The truth is that the enormous number of new issues and other outlets for capital have used up our floating resources to a great extent, and, as every Stock Exchange settlement comes round, the tied-up state of many people's resources is made more and more apparent. We do not wish to prophesy, but it would be idle to conceal from ourselves the fact that a 4 per cent. Bank Rate, before many months have passed over our heads, is more likely than even the continuance of the present minimum.

On the Stock Exchange the week has been one of great stagnation. Half the members have been away, and the public has not "caught on" since the holidays. We fully expect to see great efforts made in more than one market to engineer a rise; whether the result will be equivalent to the money expended depends on the great British Public, who can make or unmake any of these artificial movements. Grand Trunks look as if they were likely to move up. Canada is improving; the gold discoveries have helped matters, and there is peace—for a time—between the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific. The danger lies in the chance of a fresh rupture, which would, of course, knock prices down in an overloaded market. Yankee Rails have been more than usually unsatisfactory, and the Copper gamble still goes merrily on. As long as the metal can be kept at or about £70 a ton, all will be well, and, as far as we can see, this state of things should last out the year.

Many of our readers are interested in Hardebeck and Bornhardt shares, and we are happy to say that the company has done very well in its trading. We have, in the times when shares could be bought at 14s. or 15s. apiece, advised everybody to hold on, and now that it is common property that the balance-sheet must show a profit considerably larger than the prospectus foreshadowed, the shares are freely dealt in at about par. We still advise our readers to hold on until the full results of the year's work are made public, and we shall be surprised if there is not a further rise in the price. The 6 per cent. Preference, whose dividend is assured not only for this year, but for probably some time to come, and which can be bought at about 17s. 6d., look very cheap.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

The following letter has reached us from our Johannesburg correspondent. It is extremely interesting as showing the local view of the position and the intrinsic merits of a good many mines which are actively dealt in on this side. We know it is the fashion to scoff at merits, and to look only to the Stock Exchange for inspiration; but, in the long run, it is the true inwardness of any mine which makes its value, and it is only from the goldfield that this class of information can be obtained—

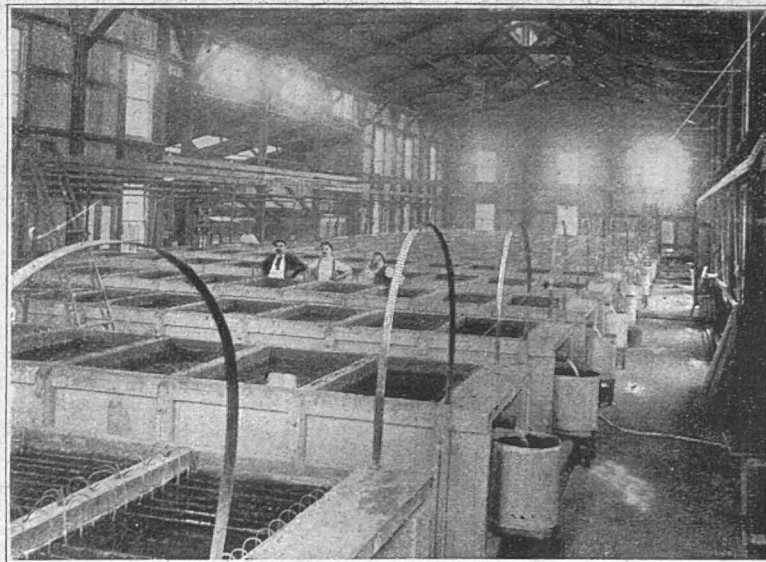
THE RAND DIVIDEND "BOOM."

There was a great boom in Rand dividends last year, hence to some extent the boom in shares this year. The guileless investor is bewildered by the published figures giving the total of dividends declared last year; the amount is

seen that in each case the amount paid away to shareholders was in excess of the amount earned—in some cases very much in excess—

	Gross Profit for the Year.	Depreciation, Losses, &c.	Net Profit.	Dividends to Shareholders.
New Primrose	£184,120	£42,396	£141,724	£165,000
Glencairn	115,407	59,500	55,907	125,000
Ginsberg	70,933	11,707	59,226	64,000
Witwatersrand (Knight's) ..	91,201	46,912	44,289	95,500

The net result as regards these four companies is that they earned last year £301,146 and paid away £449,500—shortfall, £148,354. The Glencairn, the



SIMMER AND JACK: INTERIOR OF CONCENTRATION HOUSE.

Photo by H. Law, Johannesburg.

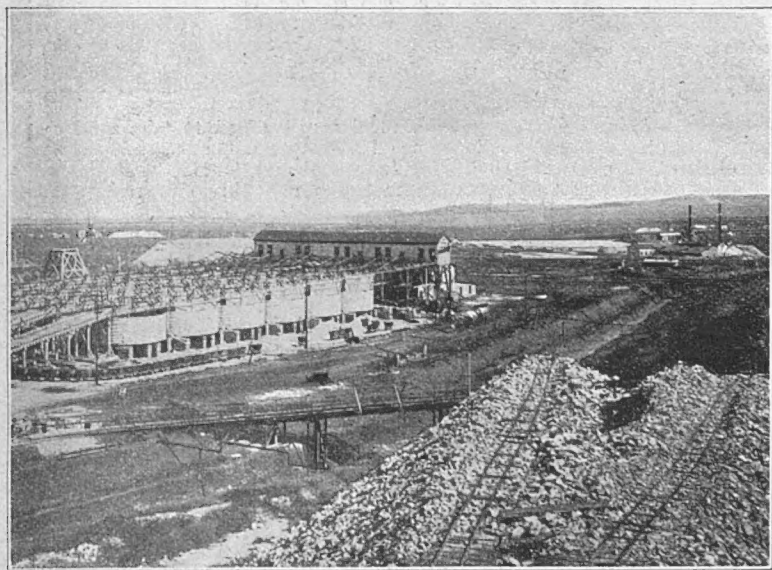
worst offender, paid away £69,093 in excess of the year's profits; the Witwatersrand (Knight's), £51,211; New Primrose, £23,276; and the little Ginsberg, £4774. It would be some satisfaction if the excess had all been earned in previous years, or even if the directors of the various companies in declaring those sensational dividends last December had merely anticipated a few months' profits. Shareholders would have known how they stood, but a further analysis of the accounts reveals a state of matters less pleasant.

The most of the Rand mining companies have two profit and loss accounts. The first represents the year's working, and the balance is carried to No. 2 account, which is sometimes a rather ticklish affair. Some of the companies have large credit balances at this No. 2 account, usually accumulated by the premiums on shares issued in past years, and, when it is deemed expedient, this balance, generally existing only on paper, the proceeds having gone into the mine, is drawn upon for depreciation purposes, enabling a larger dividend to be declared. It is difficult to distinguish between this procedure and paying dividends out of capital. In two of the cases mentioned above (Glencairn and Knight's) there is actually a shortfall between dividends and gross revenue without taking depreciation into account. It is well to point out this extraordinary state of matters to the Home investor, if for no other reason than to suggest to him that the marvellous dividends of last year in many cases cannot be repeated this year. The Glencairn, as I have shown, drew upon this mysterious No. 2 account to the extent of £69,093, but, as the credit balance has thereby been reduced to £27,026, it will not be possible to pay away very much in excess of actual earnings this year. Knight's finds itself with £128,575 (all in the mine) on Jan. 1 this year, as compared with £181,787 at the beginning of last year, and here also there is considerably less to go and come upon. The New Primrose enters the year with a credit balance (on paper) of £169,106, as compared with £192,381, and the Ginsberg with £32,719, as against £37,494. These figures ought to carry their own moral both to the investor and to the speculator.

THE DEEPER DEEPS.

The boom has given a great impetus to the flotation of the deeper deeps on the ground to the south of the older mines. To the Consolidated Gold Fields belongs the credit of bringing the second row of deeps to the front, just as to the Rand Mines, Limited, is due the praise of popularising the first row, and showing in a practical way their immense value. The Gold Fields has six second-row deeps all in a line between Knight Central on the east and the Jupiter on the west, and a tremendous amount of patient, unremitting work is taking place upon them—work which in some cases will not show much result for a couple of years yet. Beginning at the east, Knight Central, big enough for two mines, is immediately to the south of Knight's Deep (also in the Gold Fields Group, but on the first row). There are two shafts going down on the property, and in the west shaft the South Reef has just been struck at a depth of 1958 feet. Immediately to the west, on the Simmer and Jack East (the farthest advanced of the second-row mines), good progress is being made with the drives, and a large tonnage of ore is developed. Crushing will be commenced in less than a year's time. Next in order comes the South Rose Deep, which took over a portion of the Simmer East's ground, including the Clement shaft. This accounts for the fact that, although the company was formed only last year, it is already driving on the reefs. The Rudd shaft, taken over from the Simmer and Jack, is down about 1500 feet, and is expected to get the South Reef at 2900 feet. This shaft, as will be gathered, is lower on the dip. It is some hundred feet from the Rand Victoria bore-hole, where the reef was struck at 2397 feet in 1893.

Further west is the South Goldenhuis Deep, which was carved last year out of the deep-levels of the Simmer and Jack and the Rand Victoria. Two shafts are going down, and in both the reef is expected to be got at 2500 feet. The one is down 1857 feet, and the other 1162 feet. Still going west, we have the Simmer and Jack West, on which the Howard shaft is down 2734 feet, and is expected to strike the reef at 2800 feet—an event which will take place before these lines are in print. This will be the deepest point at which the reef has been proved in a shaft, and the Simmer West will for some time be the deepest developing mine. Of course, the reef was struck some miles further to the west in the Bezuidenville bore-hole in 1896 at 3250 feet. Further on is the Jupiter, on the dip of the Jumpers Deep. The Catlin shaft is down 1844 feet, and is calculated to cut the reef at 3300 feet—another fifteen months' sinking. It will



SIMMER AND JACK: TAILINGS PLANT AND CONCENTRATION HOUSE.

Photo by H. Law, Johannesburg.

"prodigious." It would be very much to the point, however, if some statistician would arise and show how much was earned during the year, as well as the amount declared in dividends and paid away. Here is an analysis of the accounts of four Rand companies for the year ended Dec. 31 last, and it will be

be well over two years yet before this company begins to crush. Immediately beyond, the South Nourse has been formed to work the block of claims to the south of the Nourse Deep. The total proposed area is 300 claims, of which 56½ are to be acquired from the Nourse Deep. The capital will be £600,000—360,000 shares to be given in exchange for the claims, 180,000 shares to be subscribed at £3 each, and 60,000 shares to be held in reserve.

Further west, and lying to the south of the fashionable suburbs of Johannesburg, four new deep-levels have just been carved out of the united properties of the City and Suburban Deep and Klipriversberg. To the south of the town the Village Deep is putting down its shafts, and far out on the dip, two miles from the outcrop, Messrs. Eckstein and Co., the representatives of Messrs. Werphier, Beit, and Co., are boring on the racecourse. It is confidently anticipated that the reef will be got here at from 4000 to 5000 feet, and great importance is naturally attached to the result. Onwards to the west the South Rand has been chalked out on the dip of the Crown Deep.

This by no means exhausts the list of deeper deeps now formed. On the East Rand the Angelo Deep, a second-row mine, is well down towards the reef, the drill now going down from one of its shafts, and is expected to strike the reef at about 3000 feet. The Driefontein Deep is quite a recent creation, and no work has yet been done.

A couple of views of the Simmer and Jack Mine are reproduced.

THE FOREIGN MARKET.

It would seem strange for the Foreign Market to come to active life again, although at one time in Stock Exchange history there was no department so busy or so popular. Those who profess to be readers of the signs of the times, however, say that the Foreign Market is to receive a good deal of attention in the future, and the prophecy may have very good theories at the back of it. For one thing, the Continental Bourses have been quiet for so long—especially that of Paris, with its own internal *Coulisse* trouble and its Dreyfus distractions—that it is thought quite likely a renewal of speculative activity abroad may spring up at any moment. If it did, the Foreign Market would benefit quite as much as Kaffirs. Paris is almost "The Shop" in Brazils and in Spanish, while a large business used to be done there in Argentine bonds. A second reason which is educed for a Foreign recovery savours of the Stock Exchange, since it is based upon the idea that the market has not received its fair share in the cycle of business that has rolled round the House during the first quarter of the current year.

From generalities, suppose we go into particulars. Spanish, chief among speculative investments, is just upon 60 once more, the figure at which it stood shortly before the Hispano-American War burst out. The reorganisation of the country's finances cries for attention, but there seems no one plucky enough to seriously take up the matter. A new plan is inevitable, and, when the terms come to be arranged, it is highly probable that a sharp drop will ensue. We have been advising a purchase of the sealed Bonds ever since the price was 45; but, now that a 14 points' rise has taken place, we consider the stock stands quite high enough, and a fall seems quite on the cards.

In the rise that has taken place amongst Mexican securities, the City of Mexico Bonds have hardly moved. The 5 per Cent. Sterling Loan is a good security of its kind, and the price is a trifle under par, one of the chief drawbacks being that the Bonds are subject to drawings. Even with this disadvantage, there would appear to be room for a rise. Argentine Stocks are inclined to weakness, but the Funding Loan at 93 ex-dividend looks cheap, and the yield is nearly 6½ per cent. Brazilian Bonds are being sedulously tipped in the Stock Exchange, but "House tips" have a nasty knack of turning out wrong.

SCONE-AND-BUTTER SHARES.

Aërated Bread shares at one time this year touched their record price of 15½. The popularity of Scone-and-Butter Companies has been fostered principally by the premier undertaking, whose shares appropriately "take the cake," so far as price is concerned, against other members of the same group. But Lyons are gradually creeping up, and, from market accounts, are going still better, although the recent rise has left the shares at a price whereat the return to an investor is a few pence over 2 per cent. It will need a particularly good dividend this half-year to justify the present extravagant premium, but, considering what irons the company has in the fire, the Great Expectations of its shareholders may be realised. The work in Throgmorton Street is being rapidly pushed forward, and there is no doubt that a really comfortable, high-class restaurant would do a huge business, considering the amount of trade at present captured by those already in the field, and whose accommodation leaves—well, a good deal to be desired. Slaters have relapsed somewhat of late, but the market there is only dormant, and, should a better interim dividend be forthcoming than the 8 per cent. of last year, a rise to 4 is quite likely. The company's capital is only £200,000. To complete the quartette of Scone-and-Butter shares, we must add British Tea-Tables, rather a dark horse, one upon which we would not choose to put our money until the company is a little better established. If it confined itself to the Pearce and Plenty side of its business, we fancy it would do much better.

CHARTERED.

Next week there will be released the 625,000 Chartered shares whose issue came as such a sad New Year's card to the Kaffir Market. The Special Settlement on April 19 is being regarded with some little apprehension on the part of "bulls" of the old shares; but there is nothing to take alarm at on this score, although the price will probably move a sixteenth one way or the other when the carry-over discloses the position of the account. In all probability it will be found that there are comparatively few bargains to be settled at all. Some of the

dealers have consistently declined to make prices in the new shares ever since the beginning, but a small "bull" account does exist in the shares, which, added to that already ruling in the old issues, might prove a source of trouble if the market fell on quiet times again. Of that there seems to be every possibility. The Easter holidays were to herald the advent of big business to the Kaffir Market, and some eager operators, who thought to take time by the forelock last week, started by taking Chartered at 4. Rather prematurely, however, since business did not develop beyond that "man's hand" stage, and we do not see, for the moment, why it should.

The next thing which the believers in Chartered have to "go for" is the first Rhodesian dividend. Here, at last, will be something tangible, some return for one's money; but even supposing that the premier trio of the Rhodesian producers pay handsome dividends, the actual cash that will go to the Chartered Company will be a mere flea-bite when distributed over the huge capital of the parent concern. The mines may pay excellently, and yet a long time must elapse before anything in the shape of a cash dividend can be expected upon Chartered. The patient shareholders have had two or three doses of "rights," provided by the various new issues, and we shall be reminded that there are still another 625,000 shares which may be issued at a price so as to provide a further bonus. So there are, and, until this "second moiety" is out of the way, there will be constant scares in the market, constant rumours that the new shares may be launched at any moment. A fortnight ago we were saying that Chartered would go to 4. They have just touched it, without having been buyers at the price, and business has suddenly become becalmed. Until it looks up, Chartered are not likely to touch 4 again without some very exceptional circumstances turning up which no one can anticipate. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Rhodes can make any impression upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer now that he has the German Emperor to back his Cape-to-Cairo Railway scheme.

Saturday, April 8, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. W. P.—We do not know much about the company you refer to, but it would not suit us for our own money.

J. H. H.—The Brewery and Shipping debentures you may sleep upon in peace for the present, although neither of them appear to us cheap; but the Automatic Machine and Theatre shares are by no means happy investments. We should hold the latter for the present, but sell directly you can get a small profit.

Mac.—The Ordinary shares are quoted at 2s. to 3s. premium, and the Pref. at 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. premium. We do not care to advise, but, if they were our own, we should sell half and hold half.

INTERESTED.—Your list is a poor one. From the look of things, we should say hold Nos. 2, 5, and 6 for the present. We know nothing certain about No. 4, while Nos. 1, 3, and 7 are mere gambles.

G. T. B.—We advise no dealings. You had far better do your business through a member of the Stock Exchange.

DEMOURS.—We do not much like the shares.

SOMNUS.—The shares you mention are not suitable for one in your circumstances, except No. 2. Buy (1) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures, (2) Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph 6 per cent. Pref., (3) C. A. Pearson 5½ per cent. Pref., and (4) Hardebeck and Bornhardt 6 per cent. Pref.

J. P.—We never answer anonymous letters. Write to the secretary and ask what is going on.

W. T. R.—You ought to pay up without waiting for a notice. Do not forget that we have never expressed an opinion upon these shares.

J. M. B.—See answer to "Somnus," and add (1) Melin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. Preference shares, (2) Lady's Pictorial 5 per cent. Preference shares, (3) Standard Bank of South Africa shares, (4) Queensland Investment 4 per cent. Debenture Stock, (5) Imperial Continental Gas Stock, (6) City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds, and (7) Industrial Trust Unified Stock.

D. P. F.—We do not recommend any of the shares, but 1 and 2 are reasonable speculations, and perhaps Golden Links. Great Centrals are worth buying.

NOLANS.—(1) These debentures are well secured, and, although the traffics have been poor, they are considered a good speculative investment at present. (2) A fair speculation. The bonds are, we think, to bearer. (3) These certainly belong to a more risky category than 1 and 2. A good deal depends on the gold premium. They are promising.

DEVONIAN.—We should hold Bantjes, New Bultfonteins, and Barnato Consols. No. 2 we have no faith in. Buy a few Great Centrals.

DARGAL.—In your position, we should feel very inclined to take some of the profit and to invest the money in things like Imperial Continental Gas Stock, City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds, and Industrial and General Trust Stock. If you sold 200 shares at 6 and spread the money over the three investments named, we think it would be more prudent.

S. T. B.—We sent you the broker's name and address on the 7th inst., although you did not comply with Rule 5.

We are asked to state that the following balance dividends have been declared by the London and Hamburg Gold Recovery Company, Limited—

3s. 6d. per share on the Preference shares, making with the interim dividend 6s. 6d. per share, or 32½ per cent.
2s. 9d. per share on the Ordinary shares, making with the interim dividend 5s. 6d. per share, or 27½ per cent.

Warrants for the above-mentioned dividends have been posted to the shareholders.

In our issue of March 29, we alluded to a new book to be called "The Descent of the Stock Exchange," and by mistake said that the work would be illustrated by Mr. Phil May. The name of the artist should have been Mr. Dudley Hardy, as we are now informed. We trust that both these distinguished draughtsmen will accept our apologies for the error.